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WHAT THEY THINK OF THE "THEATRE MAGAZINE" AND WHAT IT STANDS FOR

Reprinted from CLEVELAND LEADER, May 10, 1910

Congratulations to THE THEATRE MAGAZINE of New York, which celebrated its tenth birthday with the May number. It began interestingly and has grown in every way in the decade of its life. In fact, it has become so good that looking forward to another ten years, I can see but scant chance for greater improvement.

As it now is, it measures up to the possibilities of a magazine of the stage. It covers the whole field of theatricals, with especial attention to the American stage, and it does this brilliantly, justly and with the authority of learning, skill, experience and sympathy.

Other periodicals of this nature have lived short lives, because they have been either the outcroppings of spleen or a distorted brilliancy that would sacrifice truth to an epigram or, in far more cases, because they were the mere organs of the business side of the theatre.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE has lived and prospered because it went in partnership with its readers, instead of the box-office and the dressing-room, and has been edited with their interests solely in view. And this explains why it has grown from the **five thousand** readers of its first year to the **three hundred thousand** scattered in all parts of the globe, who look forward to its monthly visit as not the least valuable of their theatrical delights.

Its editor is wise enough to know when to be academic and when legitimately gossipy; he secures writers who are skilled in both classes of writing, and its pictures are a delight. They are many, timely and always artistic.

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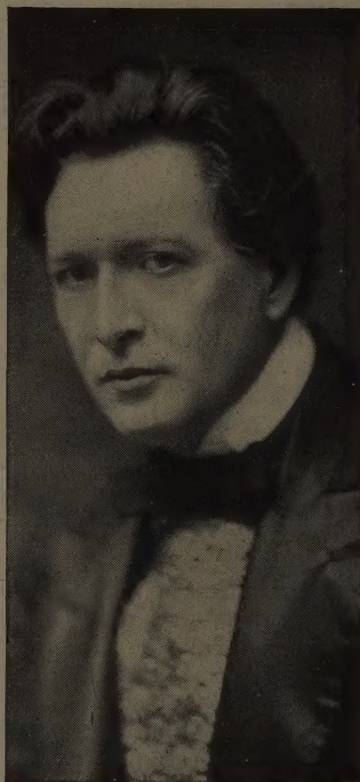
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THE THEATRE

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AUGUST, 1910

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White

MR. LOUIS MANN AS GODFRIED PLITTERSDORF IN "THE CHEATER" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE



White

A. H. Van Buren

Laurette Taylor

Marion Abbott

SCENE IN ACT III. OF HARTLEY MANNERS' NEW COMEDY "THE GIRL IN WAITING"

LYRIC. "THE CHEATER." Farcical play in three acts, adapted by Louis Mann from the German of Wilhelm Jacoby and Arthur Lipschitz. Produced June 29 with this cast:

Godfried Plittersdorf.....	Louis Mann	Willie.....	E. H. Kelly
Leokadia, his wife.....	Mathilde Cottrelly	Henry Hammersley.....	Albert Parker
Elly Plittersdorf.....	Parke Patten	Sandory.....	De Witt Jennings
Clementine Deagon.....	Ethel Conroy	Joseph.....	Edward Horton
"Jack" Deagon.....	Melville Stewart	Frieda Halloway.....	Emily Ann Wellman
Aurelia.....	Jeffreys Lewis		

It is exacted of the comedian that he must have an unfailing sense of humor, that he must be spontaneous, individual, and not imitative, never perfunctory and never dull. Farce may be an artificial form, but in substance it is human, and, in reality, no other actor has a wider range than the comedian. True comedians are rare. We have one in Mr. Louis Mann. It is easy to say of any actor that he has "limitations," but if an actor is abundantly resourceful, and never fails to amuse and make his points, we fail to see what "limitations" has to do with it. Joseph Jefferson no doubt had his "limitations," but he gave a full measure of enjoyment in whatever he undertook. He was genuine and artistic. So is Mr. Louis Mann.

His new farce, "The Cheater," is an adaptation of his own from the German of Jacoby and Lipschitz. It may seem paradoxical to say that an actor should not write his own plays. It is not impossible for him to be entirely successful in authorship, but hasn't he enough to do in acting and directing? One may be practically infallible in his acting of a part and in his stage management, but the functions of a playwright alone safeguard a play. The dramatist's views are broader; he takes care of causes

Plays and Players

as well as of effects, which the actor or stage-manager sometimes neglects. "The Cheater" needs some revision from the point of view of the dram-

atist. There is the basis here of a farce of more than the customary transitory value. Possibly it might be more effective if not localized. Or if the characters and scenes must be brought to America, Milwaukee, with its preponderating German population, might serve better than Brooklyn. These are intended to be tentative suggestions, for some revision is required in order to bring the farce to complete success. It is amusing throughout, but here and there we have something that is inconsistent with life as we know it in America.

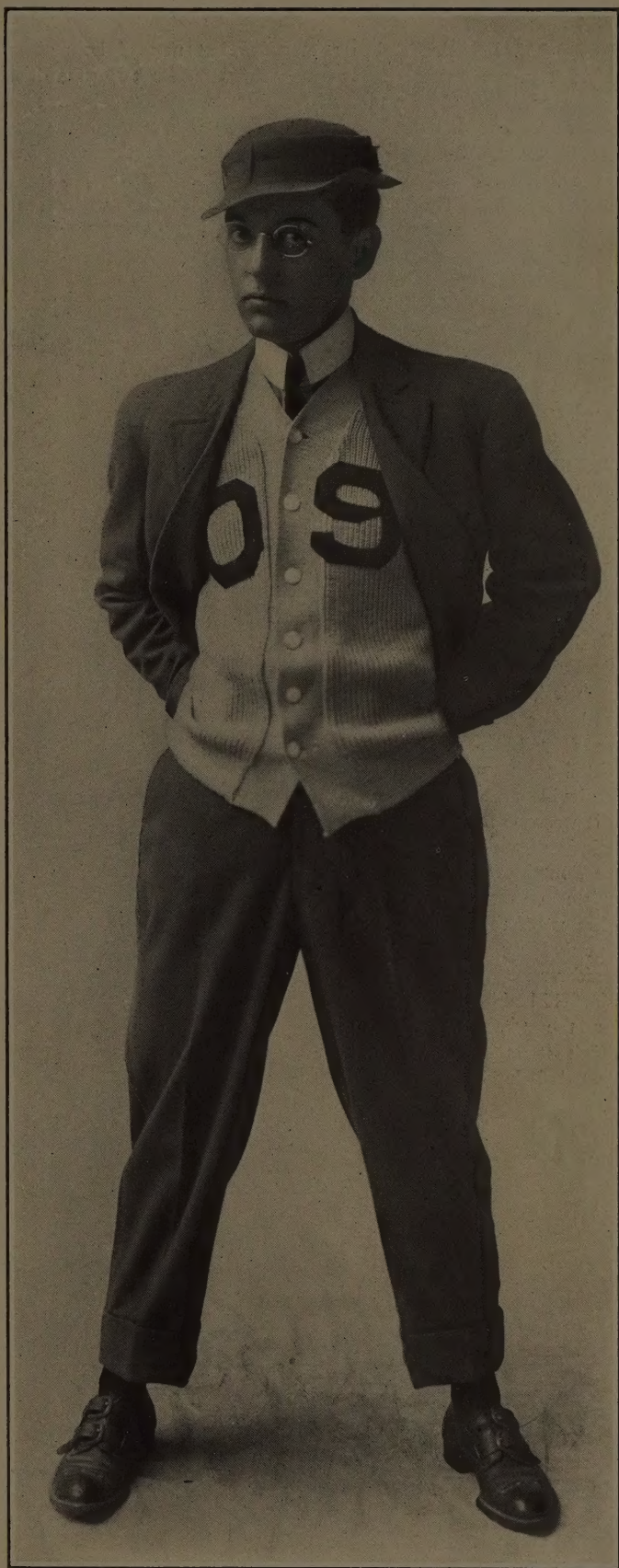
The story is not a hackneyed one. Godfried Plittersdorf is a desirable citizen of meagre income, but a man of political activity and high moral purpose. He is prominent in the agitation against saloons. At home he is inclined to rehearse to his wife the speech he is about to make in the campaign against liquor. He does not like his daughter's suitor, because he is the saloonkeeper's lawyer. He is suddenly required to assume a different attitude toward the business of saloonkeeping. The lawyer, his daughter's objectionable suitor, in charge of the estate of the most profitable and notorious all-night saloon and dance-hall in the city, announces to Plittersdorf that the will leaves everything to him. The disreputable deceased was Plittersdorf's half-brother, the black sheep of the family. The conditions are that Plittersdorf must conduct the saloon, and on special occasions open the dance in

person. It is plain to see that he will be put to it to conduct such a saloon and his prohibition campaign at the same time. He must maintain his reputation for respectability and keep his occupation at night a secret from the public and his wife. His sudden possession of great rolls of money and his actions generally convince his wife that he is crazy. He finally sells the saloon for an amount that will keep him in comfort for the balance of his life, and thereafter, it may be assumed, he will lead an untroubled existence; but for two hours, in the action of the play, no man was ever busier. In order to escape from the house and to re-enter it of nights he has to assume the appearance and use the furtive means of a burglar. On occasion some of his people employed at the dance-hall visit him, and these are occasions of tribulation requiring him to exercise all his ingenuity in keeping his secret safe. Someone was once asked what "he would do for a million dollars," and replied that he "was ashamed to say." Plittersdorf illustrates the text of that casual conversational incident very conclusively. Few men in his situation would have acted otherwise perhaps. In any event, no one who cares to see the exact facts unfolded by Mr. Mann and his associates will be disposed to condemn Plittersdorf's conduct, verbal contortions and amiability in trying circumstances. Madame Mathilde Cottrelly and an efficient company helped to carry out the action, at a quickstep, with constant animation.

JARDIN DE PARIS. "THE FOLLIES OF 1910." Song review in three acts and fourteen scenes, by Harry B. Smith and Gus Edwards. Produced June 20 with this cast:

Stage Manager.....	Harry Watson	John D.....	Jacques Kruger
Musical Director.....	George Bickel	Iona Carr.....	Grace Tyson
Stage Door Keeper.....	Jerome Van Norden	Jack Johnson.....	Bert Williams
Pansy Perkins.....	Fannie Brice	Jim Jeffries.....	Wm. Reeves
Magie Muggs.....	Rosie Greene	A Promotor.....	John Quigg
Andy.....	Maurice Hegeman	Gov. Hughes.....	Bobby North
	Hen Pheasant.....	Lillian Lorraine	

In "The Follies of 1910," as set forth on the roof-garden of the New York Theatre in the words of Harry B. Smith, in music by Gus Edwards (and many others), with Julian Mitchell back of the stage, and Frank Darling occupied with the energetic baton, the view of recent happenings may fairly be described as optimistic. Three acts and fourteen scenes provide an indescribable variety and abundance of entertainment. It is an exhibit of the resources of stageland. Everything that has happened in the year 1910 happens here according to the point of view of the actor. It is the world as the mimes see it. A happy lot of mortals. They are ready at any time to pour out the hoarded treasures of tradition, but much of it new, such as they have gathered up in their journeys between Oshkosh and Oklahoma, or between Jerusalem and Jaffa. As entertainers they belong to a much more ancient order than the authors. By common consent the scribes may well rest during the season of roof-gardens. We are not of those who hold that a man or an audience cannot, or should not, think during hot weather, but the scenes that please us best at such times are those that wear as little dialogue as possible. For instance, here is a scene in which a song writer and a publisher are holding a slight summer conversation when Nibsie Hooligan, the piano mover, comes up stairs and into the room with an upright piano strapped to his back. They pay little attention to him, except that one and now the other casually, before the piano mover has set his burden down, orders him to put it somewhere else, until finally he is told to carry it back, and tumbles downstairs with it. The manner in which Mr. Harry Watkins meets the obligations of this scene entitles this incident in the life of Hooligan to a place in the review of the happenings of the current year. Certain recent history at Reno was reproduced from the point of view of the comedian. This is easy and old burlesque, but it had some new points and was clever. Mr. Bert Williams, the Johnson of the burlesque, in private life, we believe, wears "the burnished livery of the sun." He has the sense of humor and the imitative instinct of his race. In one scene girls in bathing costumes, with bare legs, jump into a swimming pool and presently emerge dripping as they scamper away from intruders. Roosevelt returns, and is embraced by Mr. Taft. Girls in swings are sent back and



White

JACK NORWORTH

Who is appearing in vaudeville in "Just a College Boy." Recently he was seen in "The Jolly Bachelors"

forth over the heads of the audience from a grove of apple blossoms, singing and happy. Miss Lillian Lorraine is conspicuously attractive among the feminine contingent. A band rehearsal by Bickel and Watson is excruciatingly funny. A scene in the Model Hennerly is a reflection of "Chantecler." There is no lack of variety in the way of entertainment.

Behind the Scenes at the Victoria with Mlle. Polaire

M LLE. POLAIRE has a startling but natural hour-glass figure, a face and eyes very much like Sarah Bernhardt's, surmounted by a mop of rebellious wavy black hair. She is as nervous as an aeroplane in flight, yet self-controlled, has the finesse of the Frenchwoman, the innate refinement and intelligence that more than supply the place of schooling and culture (Polaire declares that she never studied or learned anything in the regular academic way), and that impulsive, irresistible gift of expression—facially, vocally, and in every pose and gesture—with which the Muse of Drama marks her favorite children. Polaire's fascination is not of the Venus or the Psyche kind. She is a born Zaza, and maybe a Mme. X. Even in the concentrated melodrama of "Le Visiteur," there are gleams of passionate intensity and appealing pathos that explain why Paris thought she belonged in the plays of Briex and Hervieu. Such is her true status, indeed, as we shall find out the moment we are permitted to peep behind the vaudeville mask.

It was one of those sweltering afternoons around the Fourth of July, and the artiste was scarcely ten minutes off the stage, from that thrilling and acrobatic performance which David Warfield had been watching for the tenth time, and which it is rumored has started Belasco on a new play. It was stifling, even in the star dressing-room with an electric fan buzzing.

Georges Baud, the villainous "Apache" of the play, but now transformed back to his natural self as a polite young Frenchman who could play charmingly—who can and has played, indeed, at the Renaissance

and at Porel's Théâtre du Vaudeville, Paris—such romantic juveniles as Armand in "La Dame aux Camélias," has sauntered languidly in. Mlle. Dinard, who is the buxom Maid in Polaire's piece, bustles about amidst trunks and wardrobe. All three artistes have rubbed off the *maquillage* from their faces, so that what current of cool air there is may strike them. They take up cues of the conversation here and there, and sometimes we are all talking at once, in a kind of Rigoletto quartet.

But it is Polaire's interview, and here is the sum and substance of about one-sixteenth part of what she says:

"To begin at the beginning, please write down that M. Baud and I are not playing Apaches, nor is the dance we do the 'Apache dance' of the vaudeville stage or of anywhere else. It is called in Paris 'La Marmite,' or the pot boiling. It might be any old dance of the faubourgs or slums. I am enacting the stage star, who is a danseuse and singer, but is now at home in her own

boudoir. The 'Visitor,' at 3 A. M., is a burglar, who has just murdered her lover, the latter having masqueraded in the garden with the intention of teaching the young woman what *fear* means. She never knew before, but now it is revealed to her in all its shuddering depth and horror, in the whirlwind quarter-of-an-hour in which she charms the brute into her power and drives his own murderous knife into his heart.

"That's what an artiste has to do, figuratively to the public, in these one-act plays of the Grand Guignol type, which you call 'thrillers'—she has to drive the knife into the public's heart, and then turn it. It is a strain to do these things, and the short one-act play of this species can never be really artistic. It is too grossly overcharged with sensations, crowded in pell-mell. It is drama telescoped, voila!

"'Ma Gosse,' which you have seen here in New York, was written for me, and I created it with success in Paris. I did not wish to come here and appear before the American public as a follower of someone else in my own creation, so I had M. Numa write me 'Le Visiteur.'

"'Ma Gosse' is an Apache piece, if you like. It gave me an opportunity to get away from the psychological and neurotic rôles, I believe they call them, which I had been cast for in such 'advanced' plays as Briex's 'Les Hannetons,' Richepin's 'La Glu,' and Gyp's 'Le Friquet.' Two other wild things I did in Paris were 'Claudine,' by Willy, and a highly colored Spanish play by Nozière, called 'La Maison de Danse.' In this latter, of course, there is dancing—what you may call Spanish dancing à la Polaire—and some bits of



Cautin & Berger

M LLE. POLAIRE

this I have introduced now in 'Le Visiteur,' at the Victoria.

"All these rôles were far removed from the music hall sort of thing, *n'est-ce pas?* Not that I mean any disparagement of the music halls—quite the contrary. I made my début as a singer at the Ambassadeurs—I am playing in a vaudeville and roof-garden theatre now—and who knows what I may do in the future, unless I make the hit of my life when I return to Paris in the fall, in my new four-act emotional play by Pierre Berton, the author of 'Zaza'?

"But what I meant to say was, that I should in justice be criticized as a serious actress, as an artiste who studies earnestly and is—well, yes, I admit it—ambitious. In 'Les Hannetons' I played with Guitry, the original Chantecler. I was in 'La Glu' at the Porte Saint Martin, and everyone knows my record at Antoine's and the Théâtre du Vaudeville.

"They don't call me ugly in Paris, but they have ascribed to

Scenes in Louis Mann's New Comedy "The Cheater" at the Lyric Theatre



Jeffreys Lewis Ethel Conroy Melville Stewart Louis Mann Mathilde Cottrelly
 ACT II. GODFRIED PLITTERSDORF (MR. MANN) PRODUCES THE MONEY TO PURCHASE THE CLOAK FOR HIS DAUGHTER



Louis Mann Mathilde Cottrelly Emily Ann Wellman
 ACT II. GODFRIED PLITTERSDORF IS ASTOUNDED AT SEEING FRIEDA IN HIS OWN HOME



Bangs

MISS GRACE GEORGE

Who will be seen next season in a new comedy called "The Best People"

me a kind of 'beauté du diable,' and that is one reason, I suppose, why managers and authors, and consequently the public, always want me in the wicked Spanish-dancing-girl sort of rôles. I play them, not so much because I like them, as for the opportunities they give me to express something, anything, that is *life*! But some day it will be seen that I can make good in a very different line of characters.

"I am an enfant of Montmartre, of the Quartier, of the studios and the café-concerts. They taught me all I knew to start with, when I made my stage début at fourteen, and it proved a very

serious spoken dramatic play, and in a foreign language at that, at Mr. Hammerstein's agricultural and open-air roof show.

"I wish we were up there now," gasped Polaire, as M. Baud and Mlle. Dinard agitated their fans.

Mlle. Polaire having been trapped into admitting that she is ambitious, I asked if she did not fear the fate that has swallowed up so many artistic ambitions and careers—namely, matrimony.

She laughed and shook her head, saying:

"Now—that is where in reality I have yet to learn what *fear* means!"

good practical substitute for the Conservatoire.

"You say I sing my 'rosse' song in the little play as if I were a top-liner at the Alcazar d'Été or the Ambassadeurs in the Champs Elysées. Well, that is where I picked up my earliest singing lessons,—and I always sang just as well, or just as badly, as I do now.

"The same way with my dancing. It is not a specialty with me, and I never took a regular lesson in my life, not even for the 'Maison de Danse.' I did watch the professional Spanish dancers, though, and then I just translated their work to suit my own ideas and temperament.

"With me, everything to be effective on the stage must be in some way expressive of life. I use dance-rhythms and steps just the same as so many words, smiles, tears, or gestures with the hands.

"When you see La Belle Otero do the 'jota,' for example, you see, firstly, a professional beauty exploiting herself, and secondly, the abstract theory of a Spanish dance, without any special meaning, or point, or application. But when you see the 'ugly' Polaire do a bit of this same jota incidentally to her drama, you don't think about the actress nor the dance—you see first of all the dramatic idea of Numa, or of Nozière, illustrated and intensified by my dancing, which, in reality, is pantomime. Such is the distinction between what you call here vaudeville and legitimate acting. My work is in the latter class, no matter whether I do it at the Porte Saint Martin Theatre or here at the Victoria, and in the evenings up on the roof."

By the way, here is a new record for La Polaire—she is the first artist who has succeeded in "putting over" a

HENRY TYRRELL.



Bangs
HENRY KOLKER
Member of the New Theatre Company



EMILY WELLMAN
Seen as Frieda in "The Cheater" at the Lyric Theatre



Bangs
PEDRO DE CORDOBA
Member of the New Theatre Company

A Rehearsal with the Late Sir Henry Irving

"FAUST" was the play, and the rehearsals were those conducted for the last revival some half dozen years ago, at the celebrated Lyceum Theatre in London. My experience with the Irving company was a short one, and at the time I was duly impressed with the privilege of such an association. Time has only increased my respect for Mr. Irving's genius, and now I look back at it as a unique period in my career.

My place in the production was in the ballet, the work of which, in the famous Brocken Scene, was a prominent feature. The rehearsals lasted five or six weeks, for the last two of which we were paid half salaries, a custom not usual in theatredom, and here in America practically unknown. Being a revival, Sir Henry did not make his appearance at these rehearsals until the third week. The first morning he did attend I shall never forget; it is indelibly burnt in my memory. The younger fry and newer members of the company were naturally all excitement and eager expectancy at the idea of seeing this extraordinary individual at close range.

As the time drew near our eyes naturally turned in the direction of the stage door, but we were fated to be surprised, for suddenly a voice—never to be forgotten—

said in freezing tones, "Take those signs down!" He had entered the theatre through the front of the house. The signs in question were printed warnings to those concerned behind the scenes, not to spit on the stage, and had been left over from the recent engagement in the Lyceum Theatre of a foreign actor.

Sir Henry considered them an exquisite insult to the members of the Lyceum company. His indignation at this seemingly small thing was unbounded. Nothing was done, the rehearsal was stopped, until the objectionable signs were removed.

It is difficult to describe the earnestness and thoroughness of these rehearsals. At one of the last dress rehearsals the stage door and windows were locked, so that the actors were virtually prisoners until 6 o'clock in the morning. This alone gives some idea of the discipline of the theatre. Hasty impressions of these

rehearsals flit through my mind, and I recall many little stories and anecdotes. One actor did not make his exit to suit Sir Henry. Irving patiently showed him seven times; notwithstanding this, on the first night, the actor deliberately did it his own way.

While there was nothing to suggest age in Irving's appearance, he was distinctly venerable, and dignity itself. In the Brocken



THE LATE SIR HENRY IRVING SHOWING MEMBERS OF HIS COMPANY HOW TO DANCE IN "FAUST"



Harris & Ewing MRS. TAFT (CENTRE BOX) WITNESSING A PERFORMANCE OF THE COBURN PLAYERS ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN, JUNE 17

Scene there were used about a dozen beautiful girls, who presented to the audience a most ethereal appearance. Their stage costume was Salome-like in the extreme, and consisted of little else than pink tights and some gauzy drapery. The scene where they had to dance around Faust did not please Irving, so in order to show them what he wanted he danced with them *himself*. The contrast of his appearance in civilian dress, with these giddy ladies in stage costume, was inconceivably comic, and bizarre in the extreme. It was a picture of amazing incongruity which will never fade from the memory.

In physical appearance, Irving at this time—only a few years before his collapse—betrayed no sign of weakness, in fact, one never associated age with him. He was simply, as he had ever been, a luminous, moving, vivid individuality. His remarks at times to members of the company were trenchant indeed. I recall that one of the actors had a turbulent scene. The passion and temper of the actor were very evident, nevertheless but few words could be heard. The young actor seemed to think he was making a striking impression, but alas for his vanity! Finally Irving's voice broke out, "I think, my boy, if you *feel* your part a little less, and get your words *out* a little more, it will be better for the audience."

The rehearsal of the Broken Scene proved very unsatisfactory. We could not come anywhere near the effect required. We tried to be Lost Souls, but our cries of anguish and despair resulted only in funny little "Ohs" and various squeaks. But at the per-

formance what a transformation! We were different creatures, enthused and inspired by the personality of Irving. Our street dress at rehearsal no doubt hindered our getting the atmosphere, but at the performance the weird lights, the huge rocks, the hideous faces and misty drapery of the spirits, did wonders for us in creating an illusion. The dresses were of such a texture and the lights so arranged, that the complete effect was a seething, shadowy mass; nothing distinct could be discerned but the horrible faces, and the clawing hands of the Lost Souls. Then to finish the transformation, there appeared in place of the benign Sir Henry of the morning rehearsal, his Satanic Majesty, a vibrant figure of fire and color. I had long heard this was his greatest acting part, and now I knew why. He dominated the scene. He was evil incarnate, illumined. His walk was triumphant, compelling—his smile, a leer, his tones freezing in their suggestion and intonation. He compelled the concentration of the vast audience. There was no suggestion of the gentle Sir Henry of the morning rehearsal, but instead a malignant creature, before us. Towering on the rocks, at what seemed a dizzy height, this figure of Hell paced to and fro, etched against the forbidding sky.

Cecilia Loftus was to act Marguerite. One memorable morning Ellen Terry looked in at the rehearsal. She had not seen us before, nor had we ever met her. Yet at the conclusion of the rehearsal, as we passed her seat on our way out, she smiled and nodded to each of us. It was only a little act of graciousness, but characteristic of the radiant Ellen Terry.

A. R.

Et - Dukkehjemiana

"A DOLL'S HOUSE" is growing old. There are older things in the world, it is true, but there are also younger things, and some of these latter are obviously beyond the first blush of youth. Of dramas, for instance, there is "Hazel Kirke." Its 486 consecutive performances will never be forgotten, so long as love is beautiful and heroism sublime, but already the memory of them has grown faint, and begins to exhale a fragrance of old lavender. And yet, on the night that the curtain of the Madison Square Theatre first rose upon Dunstan Kirke's mill and the piccolo sounded its first bird-call, "A Doll's House" was a lusty youngster of one month and fourteen days. When "Esmeralda" began to enchant and charm it was nearly two years old; when "The Young Mrs. Winthrop" revealed the sorrows of the elegant it was almost three. Therefore, it may be taken as evident that "A Doll's House" is no longer young. It saw the light, in fact, on December 21, 1879, at the Royal Theatre, in Copenhagen.

Now, a play is like a woman in this: that after it passes the age of twenty-five it begins to have a history. A man may be sixty, or even ninety, and still provoke no reminiscences, but after a woman passes the fateful quarter post, there arise friends who hammer the lower strata of old trunks and bring forth fossil daguerrotypes and fading album prints of a girl in outlandish, prehistoric garb, and hand them about among scoffers and statisticians. And so it is with a play. As yet, "A Doll's House" lacks the full panoply of a variorum edition, but already there are oldsters who begin to remember that they saw Modjeska play it in 1883, and here and there, if you search carefully, you will find a literary archæologist who preserves a copy of Weber's first translation (*anno domini 1880*), and pretends that it made him discern the genius of Ibsen far back in the Ages of Faith.

Mme. Modjeska, were it not for such memorarians, might lack to-day the posthumous honor which belongs to her valor as a pioneer. When she ventured to set "A Doll's House" before an American audience, the Norwegian was still a mere fantastic cloud upon the horizon—a shape half real and half imaginary, of a new and impalpable species. Scandinavia had long known him as an irritating poet, and Germany was beginning to be aware of him as an iconoclast, but among the English-speaking peoples he was announced, and that was all. Edmund Gosse, the literary explorer, was his sponsor. Mr. Gosse had been sponsor, too, for the sestina and the chant-royal, which may explain, perhaps, the apathy with which the greatest of his discoveries was received.

But Mme. Modjeska was a cosmopolitan and lacked entirely that insular *folie* which sees a foe in every foreigner. She knew Shakespeare and she knew Molière, just as she knew Scribe, Augier and Tom Robertson. To her the stage was a world, and all languages but dialects of the universal emotional tongue. Ibsen swam into her ken almost automatically and as a matter of course. At her behest "A Doll's House" was done into Polish, and she played Nora at the Imperial Theatre, in Warsaw. And like Mr. Archer after her, she felt the surge of revolution in the searching phrases of that last, portentous scene. "Before all else I am a human being"—here was the boundary mark between the old drama and the new. Nora stood for heterodoxy, for evolution, for individualism, for the future; and so it seemed not unreasonable to hope that the Americans, who were heterodox and all else startling, and thought in terms of the future, would sense her vitality and reality.

There ensued a diligent and somewhat discouraging search for a translator. Twice before this the play had been done into the English vulgate, but I doubt if Mme. Modjeska was acquainted with these translations. Even had she known them, she could not have used them, for one was the *reductio ad absurdum* of the immortal Weber (of whom more anon) and the other was the scarcely less grotesque version of Miss Henrietta Frances Lord,



Bangs

JANE COWL

Lately seen in "Is Matrimony a Failure?" at the Belasco Theatre

whereby Ibsen was turned into an eloquent special pleader for woman's rights. At all events, the Polish tragedienne looked elsewhere.

There was a gleam of hope when a volunteer "by the name of Miss Dill" appeared in London, but the translation of this fair scribe "was such poor work," Mme. Modjeska once told me, "that I could not use it." The given name and further qualities and station of Miss Dill are lost to the chronicles. Then came Count Charles Bozenta-Chlapowski to the rescue. Count Bozenta was Mme. Modjeska's husband and a man of uncommon gifts. He made a translation of the piece from Polish into English; Mme. Modjeska's secretary, a Danish girl named Louise Everson,



White

SCENE IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY "GIRLIES" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE

compared it to the original Dano-Norwegian; and Maurice Barrymore, then leading man of the Modjeska company, looked to its idioms. The result was a single performance at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, on Friday evening, December 7, 1883—six years before either London or New York saw the play.

Here was pioneering with a vengeance—but also with a reservation, for Mme. Modjeska made Nora turn back at the brink. According to a contemporary reviewer, "there was some indefinite talk about religion," and the rebellious wife, standing satchel in hand at the door, suffered herself to be forgiven and held back. But inasmuch as Ibsen himself, as we shall see, had done the same thing four years before (albeit he had repented of it soon afterward), it is not well to judge Mme. Modjeska harshly for her sacrilege. She believed in Ibsen, and she was valiant enough to support her faith with dollars.

The theatregoers of Louisville, however, showed no enthusiasm. The night before they had seen Modjeska as Rosalind, and the night after they were to shed willing tears over her Marguerite Gautier. Therefore, Nora appeared to them as a personage preposterous and incredible. No boos came from them, but they sat stolid and amazed. They were, to borrow Mr. Archer's words, "face to face with a new thing in drama—an order of experience, at once intellectual and emotional, not hitherto attained in the theatre." But they didn't know it, nor were they to know it for a long, long while. "Our experience seemed to prove," said Mme. Modjeska, in after years, "that the public was not yet ripe for Ibsen. . . . Such was the opinion of Mr. Henry Watterson, as well as of Mr. Johnson, the dramatic editor of the *Courier-Journal*. In consequence, we gave up the play." Thus poor Ibsen, like many an American statesman before and after him, was waved away from the Hall of Fame by the lordly hand of Col. Watterson. And Mr. Johnson acquiesced.

Then came drear and weary years, during which Ibsen threatened to become a mere philosophical abstraction. The arguments for and against him became tenuous and transcendental. He arose above brute reality and the common perceptions, and it began to be believed that an understanding of him was possible only to the ultra-violet temperament. Thus the Ibsen cult was born, and the just ridicule it inspired kept the Norwegian himself from a fair hearing. Between 1882 and 1887 but nine articles upon his dramas appeared in the more serious reviews in English, and of these the faithful Archer wrote three.

But if the sober quarterlies would have none of him, he was still the theme of a rising literature. His play asked a question which demanded an answer, and the answer was given by many a fantastic print. As far back as 1881, a Norwegian named M. J. Bugge published a pamphlet, "*Hvorledes Nora kom hjem igjen*" ("When Nora Came Home Again") at Christiania. It paved the way for an avalanche of hair-splitting treatises, to which Boston contributed Ednah D. Cheney's "Nora's Return." In London an expatriated Alsatian, Henry Herman by name, took Nora's troubles so much to heart that he conceived the idea of ending them. Incredible as it may seem, he interested Henry Arthur Jones in the enterprise, and the result was a play called "Breaking a Butterfly," which had its first and last performance in March, 1884, at the Prince's Theatre, London.

This curious drama was "A Doll's House," denaturalized and deplogisticated. In it Nora became Flora Goddard, and Krogstad, Dunkley. Mrs. Linde was dropped out of the drama, and Krogstad was provided with a hopeless passion for Nora. Toward the middle of the action Ibsen was thrown to the fishes, and Nora was saved from suicide, rebellion, flight and immortality by making a faithful old clerk steal her fateful promissory note from Krogstad's desk. Beerbohm Tree was the

AMBITION

I will carve my name on the topmost peaks,
I will rise to the heights above;
I will find the Truth that each artist seeks—
But my heart shall be closed to love.

I will win the fame of the last desire,
I will strive without pause or rest;
I will snatch from gods their undying fire—
But no child lies upon my breast.

I will wear the crown that the world shall give,
I will sit on mine own safe throne;
I will drink me deep of Life's wine—and live!
But my soul is alone—alone.

Oh, the piper's score I will freely pay
For the tune that all men shall mark;
Though the end may be as the end of a play,
I shall rest, well content,— in the dark.

ANNE PEACOCK.

transmogrified Krogstad; Kyrle Bellew was the Helmer and Miss Lingard was the Nora. The curtain fell upon a happy home.

A year later there was a rash effort to acquaint London with "*Et Dukkehjem*" unalloyed, but the oracles were against it. Triply handicapped by a bad translation (Miss Lord's), a dingy hall, and a company of actors bred in the school of Bulwer-Lytton and H. J. Byron, the single performance appealed chiefly to the comic sense. Instead of arousing interest, it turned the clock backward. Four years waxed and waned before the partisans of the Norwegian tried again. This time they had the translation of Mr. Archer, the services of Miss Achurch, the valiant support of Messrs. Walkley and Shaw, and the use of a real playhouse upon a main thoroughfare. And so, on July 7, 1889, they presented "*A Doll's House*" at the Novelty Theatre, and the echoes thereof are not yet stilled.

Four months later, on October 30, 1889, Miss Beatrice Cameron (afterward Mrs. Richard Mansfield) played Nora at the Globe Theatre in Boston. Mervyn Dallas was the Krogstad, Atkins Lawrence was the Helmer, and Herbert Druce was the Dr. Rank. The translation used was that of Mr. Archer, but little Ivar seems to have been dropped out of the play, for his name does not appear upon the yellowing playbill. Miss Cameron soon took her company to New York, and the theatregoers of Broadway had their first glimpse of Nora on Wednesday afternoon, December 21, at Palmer's (afterward Wallack's) Theatre. A tour to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago and St. Louis followed, and until she finally retired from the stage, Miss Cameron occasionally played "*A Doll's House*"—chiefly at Wednesday matinées—but it cannot be said that she ever encountered a very pressing popular demand for the play. In all, she probably impersonated Nora less than thirty times.

Mrs. Fiske's record, I am informed by her manager, is "approximately twenty-five performances." She did not essay the rôle until nearly five years after Miss Cameron had attempted it. During these years the Ibsen battle had been fought and won in London, and the Norwegian, though still a suspicious exotic upon the American stage, was already an old story to the American newspapers and woman's clubs. Mrs. Fiske's Ibsen début was made at the Empire Theatre, New York, on the afternoon of February 15, 1894, and her success was immediate. It was, indeed, a memorable first performance in more ways than one, for it gave Mrs. Fiske a secure place at the very head of her profession, and it marked the end of Ibsen's career as an interesting curiosity, and the beginning of his acceptance as a serious rival to the great gods of the past. "I used Mr. Archer's translation," Mrs. Fiske tells me, "and also blended with it certain things I found in an older translation of the play. (Miss Lord's, no doubt.) I did not make any material change."

Weber's pioneer translation of "*A Doll's House*" was printed in Copenhagen in 1880, as a thin pamphlet of ninety-one pages, with a pink paper cover. It was dedicated to "Her Royal Highness, Alexandra, Princess of Wales," by her "most humble servant, T. Weber." This Weber was a schoolmaster and wrote a number of English grammar books for "the Danish church and school department." A Danish friend of mine remembers him as an elderly person of severe aspect, whose fame as a pedagogue was swallowed up by his greater notoriety as a pedestrian and reformer. There was a law in Copenhagen in those days providing that any householder who set a pot of flowers on a window-sill above the first floor should fasten it securely by ropes, wires or chains, lest a gust of wind send it crashing down upon the head of some luckless passerby. Weber, says my Danish friend, progressed through the city upon lengthy excursions, noting violations of the statute and haling the offenders before the magistrates. This testified to his public spirit, but scarcely widened his circle of personal admirers.

Weber's English reminds one at times of the most gorgeous flights of Babu eloquence, and at other times of the marvelous syntax of that other Weber who once engaged, to our vast delight,



Otto Sarony Co.

MME. MARIETTA OLLY

The German actress who scored a success last season in Henri Bernstein's drama "*The Whirlwind*." She will be seen again next season in the same play

in nightly colloquys with a certain Mr. Fields. He begins hopefully with the entrance of Nora:

There is a ring at the bell of the corridor. It is heard a little afterwards that a door is opened. Enter Nora humming delightfully.

Then comes the porter with the Christmas tree and Nora gives him a shilling, waving away the proffered change with a regal "No, keep the whole!" After that —

The porter thanks and goes. Nora shuts the door. . . . Then she takes out of her pocket a cornet with macaroons.

The "cornet" puzzles, but at once we are in the midst of Nora's first debate with Torvald. Thus:

TORVALD: Has my thoughtless bird again dissipated money?

NORA: It is the first Christmas we need not to spare.

TORVALD: Know that we cannot dissipate!

And so the genial Weber goes on, mauling the English tongue with a clear conscience and a glad heart. When Mrs. Linde enters, Nora observes that she is "a little paler—and perhaps a little more meagre." "And much, more older," says the sad Mrs. Linde. When Krogstad arrives and begins his ungentlemanly quizzing, Nora turns upon him with "How dare *you* close-question *me*, mr. Krogstad." I preserve the lower case "mr." And when Torvald returns she and he thus confer:

NORA: I am looking forward with excessive pleasure to the fancy-dress ball

TORVALD: And I am excessively inquisitive to see by which you will surprise me.

NORA: Alas, that stupid sally (?)

TORVALD: Well?

NORA: I cannot hit upon something good. What I hit upon is so foolish.

TORVALD: Has little Nora come to that acknowledgment?

But it is toward the end of the play that Weber shines most brightly. When the pair return from the Stenborg's ball and Torvald grows clumsily amorous, Nora freezes him with "So you must not speak to me this night," to which Torvald sagely replies, "You are still thinking of the tarantella, I remark."

After Krogstad passes out of their lives forever, Torvald's eloquent forgiveness takes voice:

You wanted but thorough knowledge to form a judgment of the expedients. . . . You must not take to heart the angry words I told you in the first consternation as I thought that all would fall over me. . . . Rest yourself safely. . . . Here I am to keep you like a chased pigeon. . . .

In the last scene of all Weber, fearful of unwitting sacrilege, translates literally:

TORVALD: You are first of all wife and mother.

NORA: I believe that I am first of all a man. . . .

TORVALD: You have moral feeling, I hope? Or, answer me, have you perhaps none?

NORA: I don't know it at all. These things have quite put me to a stand. I know but that I have quite another opinion than you concerning such.

Nora proceeds to elucidate the point. "I have been waiting so patiently," she says, "for eighty years for — Good Heavens! I understand well that the wonderful does not appear every day!" My copy of Weber has many manuscript corrections, made by some early owner, or possibly by Weber himself, but this "eighty" has not been changed to "eight."

The curtain falls upon a final onslaught upon the suffering language. Nora stops at the door and discourses of the "wonderful" (the miracle) which must come —

"— that cohabitation between you and me might become a matrimony. Good-bye!"

And so Torvald sinks into his despair and bitterness, and — "it is heard that the gate is slammed."

The translators of Ibsen seem to take an unaccountable delight in changing the names of the characters in "A Doll's House." The ingenuous Weber inaugurated the custom by clipping the final "e" from the appellation of Helene, the housemaid, and by transforming Anne-Marie into Ann-Mary—the last, no doubt, a well-meaning effort in the direction of the English Mary Ann. Weber retained the Scandinavian spelling of Mrs. Linde's given name—Kristine—but he provided that of Helmer with a supernumerary "h," making it Thorvald instead of Torvald. In the Modjeska version Torvald became Oswald and Nora, Thora.

Miss Lord, going further, transformed Mrs. Linde into Mrs. Linden, Helene into Ellen and Anne-Marie into plain Mary Ann. Mr. Archer completed the process by re-christening the last-named Anna. In a footnote to his cast of characters he called attention to the changes, and so forestalled all

charges of reckless and thoughtless vandalism, but he offered no account of the reasons suggesting them. I have often wondered why Miss Lord changed the name of Nora's confidante from Linde to Linden, and why Mr. Archer followed her. Certainly there could have been no fear that the original name was too outlandish, for that of Krogstad has a far more exotic flavor, and besides, there was no effort, in other ways, to rid the play of its Norwegian color. Such an enterprise, indeed, would have been both gratuitous and hopeless.

Count Provor, Ibsen's French translator, was careful to make no unnecessary changes, but Wilhelm Lange, who made the "first authorized German translation" distributed new labels with a glad heart. For the Krogstad of Ibsen he substituted a Günther of his own, for Torvald he wrote Robert, for Anne-Marie, Marianne, for Mrs. Linde, Mrs. Linden, and for Ivar, Erwin. Incidentally he changed the name of the play to "Nora," a plan also followed by Weber and by Miss Lord in her first edition. This last change had some justification, for it is difficult to translate "*Et Dukkehjem*" into English, German or French without sacrificing accuracy to euphony and brevity. Literally, the phrase means "the home of a doll." It is thus by (Continued on page vi)



From Sketch

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JOHANN ZWINK, THE PAINTER, AS JUDAS

Johann Zwink is one of the most prominent figures in the Oberammergau Passion Play. Judas is a most difficult and most exacting rôle and Herr Zwink is playing it now for the third time

Scenes in "The Follies of 1910" at the Jardin de Paris



Photos White

BICKEL AND WATSON'S BAND REHEARSAL



Billie Reeves Grace Tyson
IN THE MUSIC PUBLISHER'S OFFICE



Lillian Lorraine Bobby North
THE HEN PHEASANT AND THE DISSIPATED ROOSTER



THE ROUGH RIDER CHORUS AT THE RETURN OF COL. ROOSEVELT



RELIC OF CHINESE GAMBLING HOUSE



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA



TYPE OF WASHOE INDIAN

Playing "Stock" in Reno

COULD anything be more delightful than a season of stock in Reno? Reno, the interesting—the "refuge of restless hearts"—the most cosmopolitan small town on the map!

The first feature to attract the attention of the stranger is the conglomeration of humanity on the streets. Home was never like this! Eastern divorcees in the latest modes of Paris and New York walk side by side with Indians in semi-civilized dress. Quick moving Japs, stolid Chinese and greasy Mexicans mingle with rough-looking miners whose whiskers are so luxuriant that one has to guess at their features.

For the student of human nature there is no better place than the principal café of the town. It is typically Western, with a lunch counter running the full length of one side. Everybody of interest congregates there—business men, journalists, gamblers, statesmen, lawyers, divorcees, miners and flowers of the half world. A unique feature of this café is the messenger service used to carry outside orders. It is composed of small boys who dash in and out carrying huge trays on their heads and are such experts in the gentle art of balancing that they ride bicycles with no disastrous results.

The divorce colony is a unit in itself. Occasionally a fair candidate for painless separation is taken up by the local Four Hundred, but the general tendency is to live as quietly as possible. The stage is well represented in the colony, having at present one star, three leading ladies and several vaudeville artists, all waiting for a chance to do a quick change act in matrimony.

Commercial Row is the gamblers' Paradise, and the glittering Palaces of Chance are filled to overflowing with every type of man from the dignified, ministerial looking gentleman to the tobacco-trimmed loafer. In October of this year, the law prohibiting gambling goes into effect and the result will be worth watching, as Nevada is the last state in the Union which tolerates it. What will become of this army of gamblers when the last Garden of Eden closes its gates behind them?

The theatre is a cosy little house on Virginia Street, the Great White Way of Reno. Its capa-

city is about nine hundred. Before the advent of the stock company, a heating plant was installed, which must have been a great surprise to a public accustomed to "cold storage" amusement. But even with that advantage, the company had a great deal to overcome. "Stung" frequently by inferior road companies with metropolitan prices, the public was wary.

The audiences are peculiar, in keeping with the general character of the town. At first they were cold and skeptical, with a sort of "show me" air. Good plays and conscientious players soon removed the Missouri atmosphere, but still we were puzzled by the absence of demonstration. Later we accepted it as an indication of a disjointed public. There are no mutual interests. The divorce colony and exiles from the large cities are critical according to metropolitan standards. The Reno Four Hundred are a self-satisfied body and do not enthuse. The remainder of the natives are devoted to moving pictures and have more taste for "blood and thunder" than the standard stock plays. They applaud situations rather than acting. The Chinese and Indian inhabitants of the gallery are as stolid and indifferent as regular Broadwayites.

After several weeks, the personal popularity of players changed conditions to a small extent and individual entrances and exits were applauded. The first curtain call nearly gave us the "appleplex," but now they are nothing unusual, and after fourteen weeks of hard work, we feel that we have crept into the affections of this strange populace.

In January, the burning of another theatre necessitated our re-

removal for about ten days to accommodate the road companies booked at the "deceased" playhouse. We took to the woods with a repertoire of five plays.

Carson City—our first stop—is notable only for its discomfort, in the shape of cold hotels and high-priced, mediocre restaurants. The theatre is a barn in the full sense of the word, but the local manager was most considerate and had the dressing-rooms well heated with wood stoves. The stage is one of those slanting affairs, where one is likely to slide into instant popularity on an eyebrow



MEMBERS OF RENO STOCK COMPANY DRESSED FOR THE DESCENT OF A MINE
From left to right: John Doud, Ada Lucas, James Bradford, Ray Avery, Evelyn Selbie, Virginia Thornton, Harry Stuart and Floyd Corell



(unless accustomed to skiing). The boxes are inside the foot-lights, where first and second entrances should be, and it is nothing short of uncanny to see faces peering out almost within hand reach.

But the acme of romance we found in the next stand—Virginia City—the most famous mining camp in the world and picturesque even in its decline. Built on the side of Mt. Davidson at a most alarming angle, it presents a peculiar appearance. Old mansions, monuments of the reckless boom days, lift their proud heads in the midst of saloons, gambling dens, Chinese shacks and buildings in all stages of decay.

The International Hotel is the most interesting relic of past magnificence. It is built of brick and, owing to the incline of

Through the courtesy of the mine superintendent, we were taken through the "C & C" mine, to a depth of 2,350 feet. Clad in flannel shirts and trousers (an obligatory costume), we were placed in the care of a guide and packed securely in the cage. The sensation experienced is similar to the "all-of-a-sudden gone-ness" felt in the express elevator of a sky-scraper, except for the ringing in the ears and the variations of temperature.

Passing the Sutro Tunnel—that famous outlet for all the mines—we left the cage at a lower level and were shown through the engine rooms. These great power houses are necessary for forcing air into the remote recesses of the mine as well as to pump the water out. Continual pumping is required to handle the thousands of gallons of hot water that flow from Pluto's caldrons



Photo Blewett

MARGARET ANGLIN IN THE OPEN-AIR PERFORMANCE OF SOPHOCLES' "ANTIGONE" AT THE GREEK THEATRE, CALIFORNIA

the mountain is six stories high in front and but four in the rear. It is finished throughout in solid mahogany and contains a fortune in antique furniture. A wonderful sideboard still ornaments the banquet hall and the huge mirrors found in the parlors are indicative of the extravagance of bygone days. The register of this hotel has been mutilated by autograph fiends, but President Grant and party once stopped there, as well as many sprigs of European nobility. On the register of the now extinct Washoe Club can be seen such names as William Tecumseh Sherman, Laurence Barrett, Edwin Booth, Phil Sheridan and John McCullough. Interesting signatures of a later day include Chas. W. Morse, D. O. Mills, D. M. Delmas, Thomas A. Edison and Francis G. Newlands. Mark Twain, then a budding journalist, was a well-known figure in the camp. All the glory is now gone, but the International Hotel stands shabby, though still majestic, in testimony of the wealth and magnificence of former days.

Our company enjoyed every minute of the five days' stay. The sleighing was especially good and the view inspiring.

below. The heat in some places is intolerable—130 degrees on the day of our visit—while the water has been known to reach 160 degrees. In some parts of the mine, streams of cold water are played on the miners and even then twenty minutes is the limit of a man's endurance. Ice is a necessary part of the mine equipment and we were given a generous supply.

After a stay of an hour and a half, we were restored to the surface of Mother Earth, looking more like perspiring section hands than a band of beauteous Thespians. The dressing-rooms are fortunately provided with bath tubs—not the pigmy kind seen in apartments, but huge affairs with enormous faucets and a water pressure strong enough to startle the stoutest heart.

Our ten days' vacation was over all too soon, but the enthusiastic reception tendered us upon our return consoled us somewhat. Since then we have basked in the sunshine of popularity and appreciation. Were we able to divide our blessings with our friends and fellow artists, we could wish them no greater pleasure than a season of stock in Reno.

LESLIE CURTIS.



White

CHRISTIE MACDONALD

Appearing as Pitti-Sing in the revival of "The Mikado" at the Casino

CHRISTINE NIELSEN

Who sings the rôle of Peep-Bo in "The Mikado" at the Casino

JANET DUNBAR

In "The Music Master" with David Warfield now on tour

New York Zionists Perform in Ancient Hebrew

IT is the annual custom of the Dr. Herzl Zion Club of the New York East Side to give an amateur dramatic performance. The sixth renewal of this event was the production at the People's Theatre on a Thursday evening recently, of "Moses," a Hebrew biblical-historical play in four acts by Dr. J. M. Salkind, with music by Perlmutter and Wohl. The underlying reason for these performances seems to be the hope of preserving among the Americanized Hebrew an understanding as well as a preference for the ancient Hebrew tongue. Most of these East Side Hebrews speak Yiddish, which is a jargon composed of a number of corruptions from Hebrew, Russian, Polish, etc., etc. After one hearing of ancient Hebrew as the *res media* for the drama, this writer is willing to go upon record that neither syndicate will introduce it as an entertainment on Broadway, although it is mother tongue to both of the combines.

As a play, "Moses" sets forth the biblical story with which we should all be familiar. It begins at that point where Moses discovers his real identity, that he is a Jew, that he was found by Pharaoh's daughter, etc., etc. He is seized at once with a great longing to return to his own people, and to be reunited with his parents, his brother and his sister. This sentiment was received with unbounded satisfaction by the audience. The biblical story of "Moses" possesses all of the elements of the regulation melodrama, as we moderns understand it. We have Moses a foundling, brought up in the shadow of a throne, believing himself a prince, and then breaking through all the glamor of his surroundings, to call the names of father, mother, brother and sister. And in this play when "Moses," having left the Egyptians, is reunited with his adoring family, and his weeping mother throws her arms about the neck of her long-lost son, the audience that filled the old People's Theatre to the roof, rose as one man and cheered what we are apt in our cynicism to call "a homely sentiment," to the echo. At this moment in the play, this affecting family reunion is followed by another heart appeal. Moses strikes down and kills an Egyptian taskmaster, overseer or

"boss," who has been flailing a defenseless Jewish bricklayer. Just such a scene as we see of Legree in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of immortal memory. For the Jews were themselves in bondage, as were the negroes before the war.

At the opening of Act II, Moses is again saving the same individual from another overseer, is recognized as having slain the other oppressor, and flees the country. Here we have the hero of our modern plays, a victim of circumstances, and who is compelled to fly because all the machinery of justice is in the hands of his enemies.

Act III is forty years later, where Moses this time appears before Pharaoh and demands that he release his brethren that he may lead them forth to the Promised Land. This demand was supported by hurricane applause from the audience. When Pharaoh refused he was roundly hissed, and all sorts of opprobrious epithets were hurled at him from the gallery in Yiddish. In fact, the emotion of the audience almost broke up the performance. But Moses "gets square" with the villain by visiting the first of the ten plagues upon Egypt, "The Plague of the Blood." We call it the itch. And when those Egyptians began to scratch their bodies and writhe, the descendants of Moses and his people on the East Side in New York (as many as could get into the theatre were there) howled with laughter and again joshed Pharaoh in Yiddish until one boy yelled out in *English*, "Scratch, scratch, you Goye" (Christian). Of course, the Egyptians were not Christians, but this is an opprobrious epithet in the mind of the old-fashioned Hebrew.

In the end, Moses prevails upon Pharaoh to release his people, and we see the prophet leading them forth and celebrating their deliverance with a dance, and thus the hero triumphs and justice prevails in quite our modern style.

The play was appropriately costumed in biblical robes and well acted by amateurs, notably the performance of Moses by Mr. Abraham Silver, which would have done credit to a professional actor.

HARRY MAWSON.

The Religious Spirit in Some Recent Plays

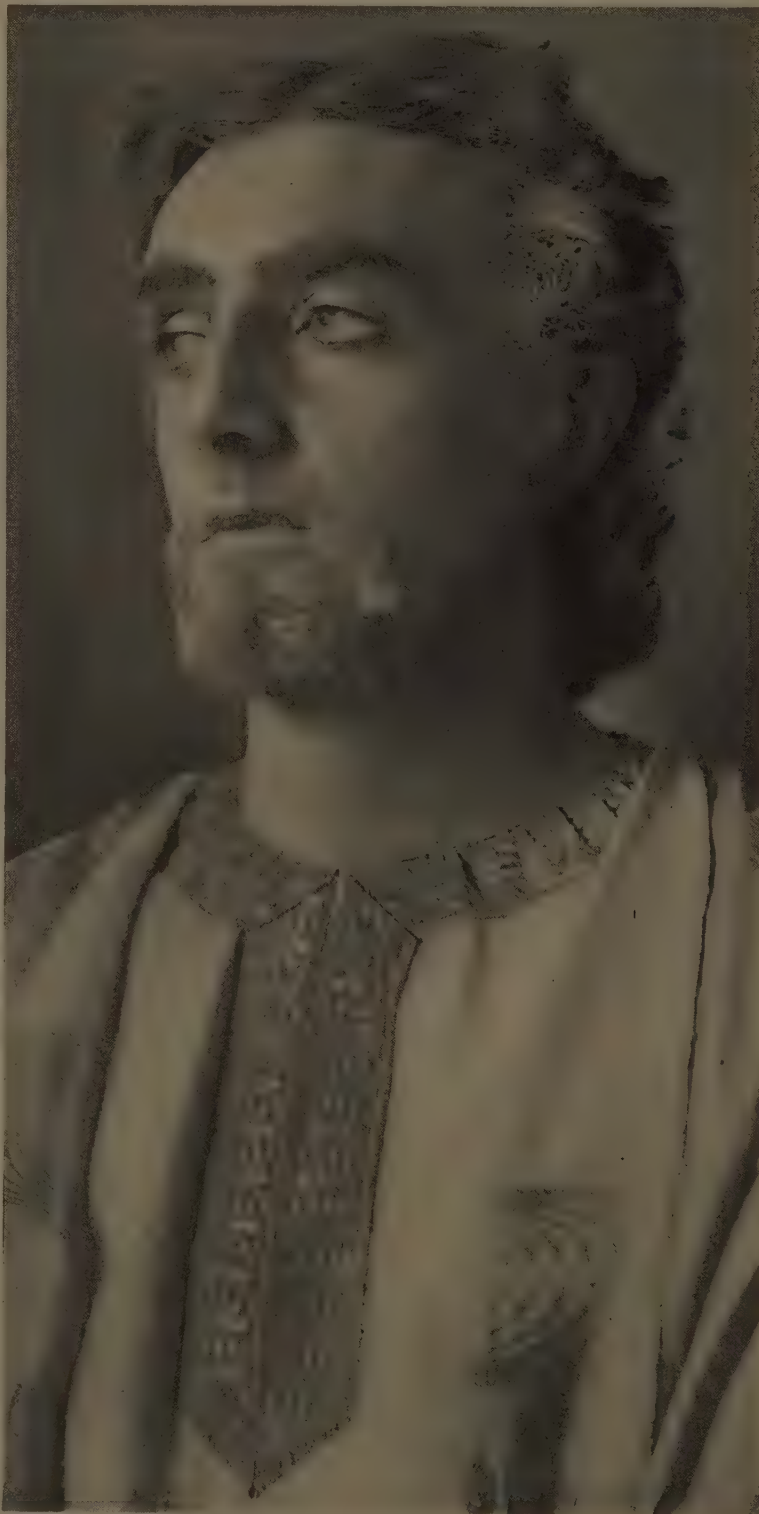
OF recent years there has been a tendency among dramatists to regard the stage less as a place of entertainment than as a public tribunal in which to expose social abuses, discuss economic problems and propound great moral principles. This growing use of the theatre as an ethical teacher is of special significance, marking as it does a reversion to the very beginnings of the drama when, under the control of the Church, its whole duty was to preach, not to amuse. In Norway that intellectual giant Ibsen startled the world with his merciless denunciation of hypocrisy; in Germany, Sudermann, Hauptmann and others have voiced the wrongs of the proletariat; in England and America we have seen this last season at least two plays bearing purely religious lessons prove enormously remunerative; for example, Jerome K. Jerome's modern morality, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," which, with Mr. Forbes Robertson acting its Christ-like personage, netted for its managers no less than \$350,000 during its first short American season. Even as recently as ten years ago what American showman would have risked his money on such a doubtful experiment as the production of Charles Rann Kennedy's beautiful spiritual play, "The Servant in the House"? Yet this play turned out to be one of the substantial successes of last season. Credit for the present movement, at least in this country, must be given to Ben Greet who, a few years ago, had the temerity to revive the old English morality, "Everyman," a grewsome dramatic homily written by a monk to remind the world that death is ever present in the midst of its pleasures. The success of the experiment, no doubt, astonished Mr. Greet himself. He may have anticipated some measure of artistic success, but he could hardly have foreseen the enthusiasm with which "Everyman" was received all over the country by every class of theatregoer.

The commercial manager was at once astounded and disconcerted by these unlooked-for results. It was difficult for him to realize that there is in America as large an audience for the beautiful and the spiritual as for the frivolous, the vulgar and the vicious. But he was compelled to believe the evidence of the box office, so that now, when a dramatist ventures to take

him a manuscript dealing with something beyond the inanities of Broadway lobster palaces, he can be sure of at least a respectful hearing. Thus the dramatist of serious purpose is at last face to face with his opportunity. With the decline of church-going the playwright who produces dramas teaching spiritual truths can be sure of a larger audience than he has for generations, and while satisfying his artistic conscience he may at the same time achieve gratifying financial results.

Superior technically and intellectually to Mr. Jerome's piece, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," the inspiration of Charles Rann Kennedy's play, "The Servant in the House," is the same—the impelling power of the Christ spirit in modern conditions. Mr. Kennedy uses the directness, the allegorical form, almost the very nomenclature of the old morality plays, and reverts to Greek drama in adhering strictly to the three unities. It is one of the most striking and effective plays of the past twenty-five years, rare in its theme, bold in its imagery, splendid in its beautiful and forceful English. With a daring quite his own, Mr. Kennedy stops short only at naming the character in his play to make clear to us that in "The Servant in the House," the purest of allegories, we see his conception of how the Christ would deal with a corrupt modern church bearing His name. Hardly a passage but teems with overt references. Even before the Servant speaks, his Oriental garb, his name, "Manson," his face "of awful sweetness, dignity and strength," suggest at once what the play plainly indicates as it proceeds. "Manson" refers, as a part of his own life, unmistakably to events in the life of Christ, as the expulsion of the money-lenders from the Temple, the hostility of the High Priest, the Crucifixion, and, in describing the Living Church of Christ, says he has seen it "from the very beginning." When asked, "Who are you?" Manson answers, "I am——" and is interrupted by the great bell of the church sounding the Sanctus.

The other characters in this remarkable allegory are a page-boy, good-natured, conventional, middle-class; the Vicar, well-meaning but dulled by routine; his wife, a typical Martha; his niece Mary; her father, the Vicar's supposedly disreputable



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WALTER HAMPDEN AS MANSON IN "THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE"

brother who has become a drain-man; and Martha's brother, the Bishop of Lancashire, who, blind, deaf, mercenary and hypocritical, represents all that is bad in the system of the Established Church. Of all his types, it is the "Rt. Rev. James Makeshyfte" that Mr. Kennedy draws with a pen dipped in vitriol, and nothing in the play exceeds the dramatic effect of the scene in which "Manson" drives him from the Vicar's house "to clean it of its abominations." As a final shot the Bishop turns furiously toward him, crying:—

"If I could have my way with you, I would have you publicly whipped: I would visit you with the utmost rigor of the law: I would nail you up, sir, for an example!"

Manson: "I have encountered similar hostility before, my lord, from gentlemen very like your lordship. Allow me —"

Bishop: "Don't trouble, sir . . . I can do very well without your assistance, thank God!"

Contrasted with the bitterness of this satire on the Church, are the words Mr. Kennedy puts into "Manson's" mouth describing the true Church, built on the security of Christ's name alone, and, in a passage of wondrous beauty brings it vividly to the hearts and minds of his hearers. The description is too long to quote in full, but one sentence follows:

"The pillars of it go up like the brawny trunks of heroes: the sweet human flesh of men and women is moulded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable: the faces of little children laugh out from every corner stone: the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades; and up in the heights and spaces there are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers of the world."

This was the play which two seasons ago aroused the most heedless theatre-goers to attention and thought; presented a sacred figure, unmistakable in spite of superficial disguise, yet with such reverence, power and, ill-chosen as the word may seem to be, humanity, that the most captious had no real grounds for strictures; and sounded a clarion call to the playwrights that not merely in any length or any depth may themes be found, but in the highest of the heights.

Not long was the call unheeded. In the Fall of 1909 there opened in New York the second of the plays above-mentioned, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," a play of far slighter texture than the other, subjective where the other is objective, with slight plot and little variety of action, yet raised by the sheer ideality of its spirit and superb interpretation to a unique and commanding position among the season's plays, and to a sphere of influence rarely entered by preacher, poet or seer.

Into a second-rate boarding house, where existed a typical group aggregating all that was endurable of small meannesses, snobbishness, selfishness, sharp practices and petty vices generally, comes a Passerby. Who he is no one knows, nor what his mission, but under his mysterious strength, his sweet and gentle spirit, his unerring instinct for the paths which lead straightest to their hearts, the starved and almost forgotten better selves of these shabby people creep wonderingly out, half afraid of the clear light of day and somewhat uncertain how to comport themselves after so long an exile, but cheered by the Stranger's grave smile and strengthened by his belief in their future achievements.

The cheating boarding-house keeper becomes the thoughtful lady of the house; the coward a young artist true to his ideals; the painted lady a sweet and lovely woman; the shrew and the bully a veritable Darby and Joan;—and so on through the house. His work done the Passerby, now a Friend, passes quietly out into the fog from which he so mysteriously appeared. The play is over, and not until then does the hearer stop to think, What does

this mean? What was the force which drove these people from the level of the commonplace, the material, up to the purest, the most spiritual of which they were capable? Did the author intend to portray the influence of the Christ spirit on souls stifled by the pettiness and sordidness of their daily lives? And then inevitably come the questions: What would the Passerby have said to me? What would he have seen had those eyes looked into mine? What should I do to obey his teaching? And so, almost unconsciously, does the pure and ennobling philosophy of the Stranger in Mrs. Sharpe's lodging house reach beyond the barrier of the footlights and find place in the hearts of those who hear it. More directly than by sermon, more vividly than through the printed page, is the Christ spirit brought home to those of us whose privilege it is to share in the gracious stay and passing of the Third Floor Back.

Mrs. Fiske's nine-days' revival in New York this Spring of Hauptmann's dream poem "Hannele" has made us wonder that its presentation earlier could have aroused any cry of blasphemy. The visualized delirium of a dying child, a girl overworked, starved, abused, is appealing and dims the eyes with tears. To Hannele's fevered eyes appear her dead mother, the Angel of Death, Three Angels of Light, and numerous other angels, great and small; her coffin becomes crystal, golden flowers bloom, heavenly music is heard, and a mysterious Stranger, wearing a long robe and sandals,

but with the face of her beloved schoolmaster, comes to bear her Heavenward.

He intercepts her cruel father, Mattern.

The Stranger: "I am a physician. Hast thou not need of me?"

Mattern: "Not I. I'm not sick. No doctor for me."

The Stranger: "Mattern, the mason, bethink thee! Though thou hast denied me water, I will heal thee. Though thou hast refused me bread, yet can I make thee well. God is my witness . . . Mattern, the mason, bethink thee well. I will wash thy feet. I will give thee wine. Thou shalt have sweet, white bread to eat. Set thy foot upon my head and I will still heal thee, as God liveth."

Mattern, overwhelmed by the Stranger's persistence, rushes from the room, and the latter approaches the dead child, who rises and kneels before him.

The beauty of this dream play cannot be denied, nor the appeal of its pathos and purity. In it, however, the figure of the Stranger is merely a figure, it partakes of the fanciful and simple character of the drama. In "Hannele" we see only a reverent presentment of the figure of the Saviour. There is lacking the illusion, the vivid reality that make "Manson" and the "Passerby" the moving influences they are.

HETTIE GRAY BAKER.



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THE MAGDALEN AND THE PASSERBY

Evelyn Weeden and Forbes Robertson in Jerome K. Jerome's modern morality play "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"



MARIA SEEBACH AND THE HOME SHE HAS GIVEN TO GERMAN PLAYERS

Maria Seebach and Her Home for German Players

THE ancient actor of the Hof Theatre company of Weimar, with whom I talked long and late, over the glasses, was very deeply interested in hearing about what seemed to him the amazing conditions of theatrical life in America. The tours of entire companies from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts, playing always the same play, seemed an extravagant idea to him; and as there is no German phrase to correspond with "one-night stand," it is very doubtful if he fully grasped the horrors of the system. He, good old soul, has made only one "jump" during his whole career on the stage. That was when he left the company at Hanover to take a position in the Weimar Company. Although it was many years ago, he still recalls the discomforts of the road, and is sympathetic over the lot of the American actor.

"The principal business of your players, then, is to travel," he said gently. "With us, please, the principal business of the player is to act."

To this statement there was no answer to be made, unless one repeated the formula of the American road company manager about the immense advantage of "seeing the country."

Therefore I turned the conversation to the splendid work of the Actors' Fund and the happy condition of the guests at the Edwin Forrest Home. The face of the old man beamed with approval.

"You are not, then, wholly uncivilized," he said.

My account of the Forrest Home, its founder, its government and its guests especially interested my ancient acquaintance inasmuch as a similar institution, founded by the noted German actress, Maria Seebach, is situated on the outskirts of Weimar, not more than fifteen minutes' walk from the Hof Theatre. Such an institution is needed in Germany because, although the players in the State theatres receive pensions in their latter years, there are many actors and ac-

tresses of the other theatres upon whom the hand of time lays not only the burden of years but the heart-breaking load of poverty as well. And just as the fine inspiration to smooth the paths of the aged came to our own Edwin Forrest, so it came also to the beautiful, glad, sad, brilliant, tender Maria Seebach—she who was the friend of queens, and to her friends herself a queen. Back of the splendors of the artistic and social life of the actress lay a little valley of sorrows that kept her heart warm and her sympathy for others keen. Her marriage was unhappy, and her only son upon whom she lavished all her affection, died in his early manhood—when he was, it seemed, about to make a name for himself as a painter. There remained to her only her sister, Wilhelmina Seebach, also a very successful actress, who still lives. Maria Seebach had accumulated a large fortune; she was advanced in years; her mind was filled with charitable thoughts—

and it was then that the Edwin Forrest dream came to her and took possession of her heart.

The Maria Seebach Stift (Institution) was opened in 1895, two years before the death of the founder. It is a great, square, very German-looking structure, with a rose garden in front and a vegetable garden in the rear, that stands on a hill just out of Weimar, on the historic road to Tiefurt. Goethe, Schiller and Liszt, Bismarck and Napoleon often passed that way. At the base of the hill flows the beautiful river Ilm, and on its opposite bank rises Weimar, the Athens of Germany; a little city so full of artistic associations that merely to breathe its air is an inspiration. Almost every great poet, painter, musician, player and scholar of the Continent has left a footprint there, and sculptured monuments to the greatest of them meet one's eyes at every turning of the streets. Most beautiful of these monuments is the statue of Shakespeare, by Lessing, which stands in the park bordering the Ilm, and has, as a most appropriate background, the buttressed



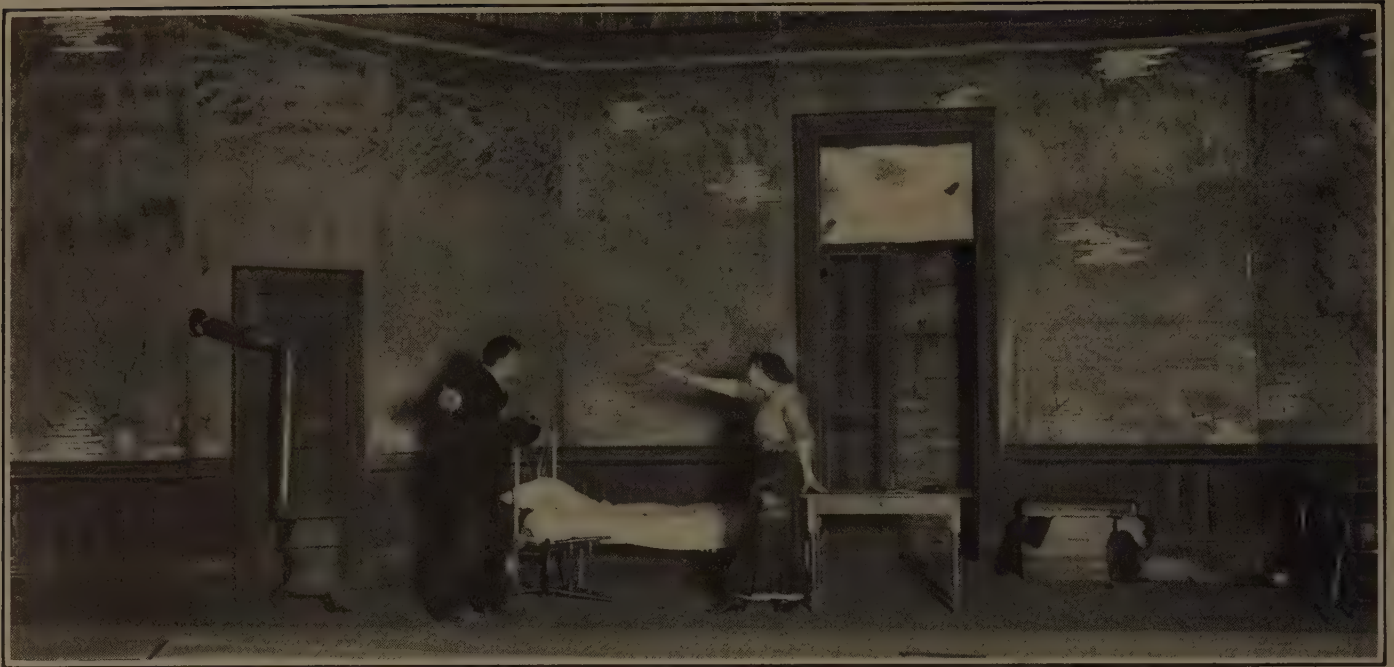
LESSING'S STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE GALLERY OF PLAYERS



Strauss-Peyton, Kansas City

THE MOST RECENT PORTRAIT OF MR. EDWARD H. SOTHERN



Dallas Anderson

Ethel Van der Vere

SCENE IN PRESTON GIBSON'S ONE ACT PLAY "DERELICTS" RECENTLY SEEN IN WASHINGTON

Kathleen Carlton has discovered that William Wadsworth is the man who deceived her and wrecked her life. She seizes the pistol and is about to kill him when the call of a child—his child and hers—makes her hesitate

wall of an ancient, ruined church. A stone's throw away is the Grand-Ducal Library, containing the largest and finest collection of Shakespeariana outside of England. And the Goethe-Schiller Archives are not so far away; and the House of Liszt, and ——. But it is all expressed in the one word Weimar—and it is in this environment that the guests of Maria Seebach pass their twilight days.

The home accommodates forty persons, and, naturally, it is always full. Some of the guests, who are possessed of small means, pay a nominal sum each month for their rooms. But this is entirely voluntary on the part of the guest, and the ability to pay does not weigh in the least in gaining admittance to the institution.

The management of the home seems to be much on the same lines as that of the Edwin Forrest Home—the idea being to put away entirely the least suggestion of charity, and to make the old players feel that it is an honor

well earned, to be enrolled in Maria Seebach's guest-book. The dining-room in the home is quite baronial in size, and its walls are covered with rare and valuable portraits of celebrities of the German stage. By an odd coincidence, the directors of the institution—of whom, by the way, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar is the head—and the original governors of the Edwin Forrest Home hit upon the same graceful idea in the hanging of the dining-room pictures. At the Edwin Forrest Home the portrait of Mr. Forrest hangs above the head of the table, and the portrait of his mother hangs above the foot. At the Maria Seebach Home the portraits of the actress herself and of her father hang in like positions. Thus, in both places, the host and hostess preside at every gathering at table.

A part of the home that is seen by many visitors to Weimar—but a part that seems just the least bit undignified to one familiar with the traditions of the Edwin Forrest Home—is the Maria



From the Sketch, London

Mr. Putnam Griswold as Poia



A scene from "Poia"



Mr. Putnam Griswold as Poia

SCENES AND CHARACTERS IN THE NEW AMERICAN OPERA "POIA" RECENTLY PRODUCED AT THE BERLIN OPERA HOUSE

"Poia" was produced at the Berlin Opera House, under the patronage of the German Crown Prince, whose friend, Mr. Walter McClintock, the young American lecturer, spent some years with the Black Feet tribe, and suggested to Mr. Arthur Nevin that he should treat a legend of theirs operatically. "Poia" is the first American opera ever presented in Europe, and marks the first attempt to use Redskin life as a basis for serious operatic music. None but red men and women are shown on the stage. Most of the company who appeared were Germans, but two American artists of the Royal Opera—Mr. Putnam Griswold and Miss Florence Easton—sang the leading rôles. The composer lived for a year among the Black Feet of Montana, that he might study their tongue and their music

Seebach Museum, which is open to the public on certain days, and to which a small admittance fee is charged. Here one sees the conventional collection of the trophies of a player—the costume worn as Gretchen in "Faust"; the dagger used by this or that great actor in "Othello"; the letters of compliment written by kings and emperors of great countries, and the greater kings and emperors of art; and, of course, a glorious array of signed photographs.

Among the photographs is one of Edwin Booth as Hamlet—the familiar picture, representing the actor seated in the low chair, as he is about to deliver the "To be or not to be" soliloquy. In all the vast numbers of celebrities on the walls Edwin Booth is the only American—and it is well that we are represented there by our prince.

The home at Weimar is not the only charity founded by the gracious Maria Seebach. In Berlin there is a home and a school for the children of players that owes its existence to her—and the story of its inception is quite too pretty to be lost.

Once years ago, when Maria Seebach was at the very pinnacle of her fame, she stole away from court and theatre to rest for a few days in an obscure German village. No sooner had she reached her hotel than came the manager of the poor little local stock company, dressed in his best, to ask if she would not, as a great honor to the town, appear on the following evening as Marie Stuart—one of her greatest rôles. The actress sighed, no doubt, but consented. When she was entering the stage door of the theatre she almost stumbled over a bedraggled little girl, who was munching a crust of bread. "You should be at home with your mother, my child," said Maria Seebach. "My mother is Queen Elizabeth," retorted the little girl, "and I can't go home

until she comes to take me, after the play." Maria Seebach thought a moment, "Surely," she said, "the daughter of a queen should await her mother in a palace instead of in an alleyway. And," she added, "you shall have your palace some day, little girl." The palace is a reality now, in Berlin, and the daughters of Queen Elizabeth and Mephistopheles and Magda study and play there with the sons of Hamlet and Gretchen and Faust.

Wilhelmina Seebach, the last of the family, has added to the home built by her sister at Weimar, and has done much for the institution in Berlin. Also she has placed a magnificent memorial window, to the honor of Maria Seebach, in the Berlin cathedral. The window will be there a hundred—two hundred—years from now perhaps; but long after it has been demolished the name of Maria Seebach will be found written in the hearts of the old players at the home in Weimar—just as the name of Edwin Forrest



Moffett, Chicago

FRITZI SCHEFF WHO WILL BE HEARD AS TRILBY NEXT SEASON

will be found written in the hearts of countless players yet unborn, who will end their days at Springbrook. RANDOLPH HARTLEY.

Grace George has a comedy by Frederick Lonsdale called "The Best People." Puccini's new opera "The Girl of the Golden West," based on Belasco's drama of that name, will be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House on December 6. David Warfield will be seen next season in the character of Shylock, a part which he has long been ambitious to play. Geraldine Farrar will be seen shortly in a new opera entitled "The Bridal Wreath," the leading part being that of a young flower girl and the action taking place in the nineteenth century. J. M. Barrie has written a burlesque on the modern problem play under the title "A Slice of Luck," and in which there are only three characters.



Photo White

Gertrude Barthold Dolly Collins Mary Cross Rector McCarthy Frank Sheridan

Robert Clugston

SCENE IN JAMES HORAN'S DRAMATIC PLAYLET "THE DERELICT" NOW BEING PRESENTED IN VAUDEVILLE

The Criminal Tendencies in Musical Composers

WAGNER tells us in an autobiographical outburst that one of his juvenile dramatic attempts was a thrilling tragedy planned in five acts, but which he abandoned after the second, because all the characters had been killed, and there were no more personages left to carry on the plot. That was Wagner's first manifestation of modernism, and his age then totalled only twelve placid years! Steadily thereafter he kept on breaking traditions and piling up the operatic death rate, until in the "Nibelungen" cycle he reached his sanguinary climax, with the appalling number of ten corpses in four evenings of music drama. Fatal end is put to Fasolt, Siegmund, Sieglinde, Hunding, Fafner, Mime, Siegfried, Gunther, Hagen, Brünnhilde, and Wotan—to say nothing of Grane, the horse, and Heaven only knows how many gods, goddesses, and godelettes in the incendiary burning of the celestial Hotel Walhalla.

The present writer was tempted into the appended investigation through seeing frequently in magazines, tabulated and percentage computations of crime, showing the steady increase in murder, the various means employed to kill, and the proportioned nationalities of the perpetrators. When a critical reviewer recently fell afoul of Richard Strauss and accused him of outdoing in deliberate bloodthirstiness all his brother composers past and present, I hesitated no longer. Urged on by the purest scientific motives only, and the desire to do the musical world the same service that Lombroso had bestowed on society in general, I proceeded to gather ghastly authentic data with which to determine the various specific forms assumed by the homicidal tendencies of the best known composers of grand opera.

Two general observations forced themselves upon me from almost the very beginning of my researches. In many of the crimes the composer had the help of a literary man who fixed on the method of killing, but in all instances the victims were lured

into librettos before finally and foully being done to death. Sometimes the record shows forth veritable fiends incarnate in the shape of composers who operated entirely alone, and conceived both the plot and the music with which to assassinate the helpless men and women of the play. Wagner has been cited heretofore as the most flagrant example of the solitary criminal, but there are also other musical malefactors who have succeeded in taking life on the stage without the aid of literary mercenaries. Composers responsible for "book and music" were Berlioz, Boito, Leoncavallo, Bungert, Kienzl, Siegfried Wagner (hereditary influence?), Lortzing, Strauss ("Guntram") and Charpentier.

Of the librettists, Eugene Scribe was the most fertile, and his list of operatic murders outrivals that of Wagner. Scribe wrote the texts of "Les Huguenots," "La Juive," "Le Prophète," "Robert le Diable," "Fra Diavolo," "L'Africaine," "L'Etoile du Nord," "Le Domino Noir," "La Muette de Portici," "La Dame Blanche," "La Favorite," to mention only a few of his collaborations. Altogether, he manufactured over one hundred librettos, and conducted his craft like a business. Jules Paul Barbier formed a pen partnership with Albert Carré, and together they planned the words and situations of "Faust," "Hamlet," "Mignon," "Philemon et Baucis," "Romeo et Juliette," "Paul et Virginie," etc. Alone, Barbier did "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" for Offenbach, and "Nero" for Rubinstein. One F. M. Piave furnished the unfortunates whom Verdi dispatched in "Ernani," "Traviata," and "Rigoletto." Arrigo Boito borrowed the "Otello" details from Shakespeare, and the unique "Aida" atrocity sprang from the ferocious imagination of A. Ghislanzoni. The most ruthless of the modern slayers are Victorien Sardou and Luigi Illica. Separately, they have been guilty of "Fedora," "Tosca," "André Chenier," "Iris," "Bohème," and "Madama Butterfly," Lorenzo



Aimé Dupont

MME. FRANCES ALDA AS DESDEMONA AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Da Ponte, an Italian Jew, was responsible for leading Mozart into "Don Giovanni," and very properly the first-named culprit expiated his offense by being compelled to eke out his existence later on as a teacher of languages at Columbia College, New York.

All these conscienceless bravos of the pointed quill have been adduced here by name, merely because the weirdly fascinating glamor of operatic murder usually surrounds only the composers, while the equally guilty but less picturesque librettists are allowed by the public to wander into eternity without regret or remembrance.

Coming down, then, to concrete details, we find the causes of operatic death separating themselves into fourteen well-marked divisions, which I enumerate herewith together with a list of the resulting casualties:

FALLING BUILDINGS OR EXPLOSIONS.—Samson, in "Samson et Dalila," when he pushes down the temple pillars and buries the kingly court and the chorus in the papier-mâché ruins. John of Leyden, and Fides in "Le Prophète," when the false messiah sets off a blast of gunpowder, and blows himself, his mother, and many of their enemies into ejaculations of joy that the opera is over. Armide, in Gluck's work of that name, when her magic power pulls down the palace walls in Act V, and she disappears into a padded trap. Rienzi, Irene, and Adriano, in "Rienzi," who perish miserably when stage hands illuminate the Capitol with red fire and cause its canvas sides to totter and sag most appallingly.

INCINERATION.—This form of doing away with operatic characters marked for death is more popular than most persons would suppose. For instance, we have Recha and Eleazar in "La Juive," who are fried to a finish in a huge kettle—just off stage, luckily. Wotan, Fricka, Freia, Donner, Froh, to name only a few of the Walhalla family, end "Götterdämmerung" by being burned alive at about the time when Brünnhilde dashes into her funeral pyre, and emerges rear, on her way to her dressing-room. The witch, in "Hänsel and Gretel," is pushed into a roaring furnace, bad luck to her gingerbread soul! Sever and Norma brighten the end of "Norma" by mounting a crackling wood-fire after the composer of the opera has forced them to the deed. Manrico, in "Trovatore," likewise becomes food for the flames, wondering whether he or his brother is the victim. Faust is promised the fire death when Mephistopheles walks him off at the conclusion of Gounod's opera. Don Giovanni, according to Mozart's directions, "is surrounded by hell fire and carried below by a horde of red demons."

DRINKING POISON.—There was Romeo, most unfortunate of lovers, who took the fatal dose beside the mock bier of his lady love. Gennaro, son of Lucrezia Borgia, who refused to imbibe the antidote after he found that his mother had filled his friends and himself with veal chops containing cyanide of potassium or some other favorite extract used by the champion female poisoner. Leonora in "Trovatore," and Fedora in Giordano's work of that name, drink fatal draughts after being interfered with in

their love affairs by the trend of the tragedies they helped to build.

INHALING POISON.—This strange form of stripping off the mortal coil was undergone by Selika in "L'Africaine," who snuffs the toxined fragrance of the Manzanillo tree; Lakmé, heroine of Delibes' opera, who does likewise with a large artificial blossom on a wire stem; Adrienne Lecouvreur, to whom Composer Cilea allows poisoned flowers to be sent by a rival; and Dirce, in Cherubini's "Medea," who dons clothes impregnated with substances that stop human breath and heart action.

ASPHYXIATION.—Aïda and Rhadames, in Verdi's greatest opera, are buried alive in an air-tight vault, and although both artists sing valiantly and beautifully as the curtain goes down, the libretto tells us that they perish a few moments later.

STRANGULATION.—Desdemona dies unpleasantly with Othello's black fingers making blue-prints in her throat. Sebastiano, in "Tiefand," also chokes to death in Pedro's ungentle grip. Barnaba, the bad man of "La Gioconda," tells of strangling La Cieca, the poor blind woman.

STABBING.—This was the most popular of all death dealing devices with composers and librettists. The chill of cold steel was felt fatally by Pelleas, murdered by his brother, Golaud; Claudius, killed by Hamlet; Tybalt, spitted by Romeo; Carmen, carved by Don José; Tristan and Siegfried, knifed by false friends; Nedda and Sylvio ("Pagliacci") stilettoed by the deceived husband, Canio; Gilda, in "Rigoletto," butchered by her own father; Scarpia, in "La Tosca," stabbed in the shirt-front by a well-known actress; Selva, sliced mortally by Masaniello, in "La Muetta de Portici"; Lord Arthur, spiked in his bedroom (and through the heart) by the madly trilling Lucia; Turiddu, first bitten by Alfio and then pierced by him with a peasant's dirk, in "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Count Richard, assassinated at "The Masked Ball"; the Comthur from "Don Giovanni," Valentine in "Faust," and Siegmund from the "Walküre," felled in duels; Fafner, sword-death through Siegfried, and Gunther, through Hagen, in "Götterdämmerung"; Boabdil, Merlin, Melot, and Kurwenal (last-named two from "Tristan and Isolde") slain in battle; Mime, cleft in two by Siegfried's crowbar-sword; Nero, run through by Saccus; and these suicides: Narraboth ("Salome"), Viviane ("Merlin"), La Gioconda, Edgardo ("Lucia"), Ernani, Hermann ("Pique Dame") Madam Butterfly, by an unappetizingly painful process known as hari-kari, and Dido, who rings down the curtain on "The Trojans in Carthage," by puncturing herself with the sword of Aeneas.

SHOOTING.—Not much used, apparently because of the noise, and also because persons penetrated by stage bullets are supposed to die instantly, and therefore are prevented from singing farewell arias. In operatic stabbing affrays, dissolution always turns out to be a lingering and very musical process. Raoul and Valentine are sent Heavenward by Catholic guns in "Les Huguenots"; Merlier meets Prussian bullets in "L'Attaque de Moulins," and



BESSIE ABBOTT AS YSOBEL

This well-known prima donna will be starred next season in an opera by Pietro Mascagni. It is called "Ysobel" and is based on the story of Lady Godiva. The opera will be sung entirely in Italian and it is announced that it will be conducted by Mr. Mascagni personally at every performance.



THE COBURN PLAYERS IN AN OPEN-AIR PERFORMANCE OF "ELECTRA" AT PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

succumbs forthwith; Werther pistols himself to death; Gessler feels an arrow of outrageous fortune when Tell makes him a target for his bow-gun; Fra Diavolo fails to jump over a parapet before he is riddled by a volley; Mario ("La Tosca") and Palm ("Germania") suffer execution; and Worms and Federico die on the wooden battle-field of Franchetti's "Germania."

BEHEADING.—André Chenier and Madeleine, who mount the scaffold together. Also Jochanaan is made a head shorter in "Salome."

TUBERCULOSIS.—Mimi in "Bohème" and Violetta in "La Traviata." The most robust prima donnas are forced into galloping consumption when singing those two rôles, and the only way for them to avoid the dread coughing germ is to refuse to appear in the last act.

JUMPING, OR IMPACT.—Floria Tosca and La Wally hold the world's operatic record for a descending high jump. La Tosca precipitates herself from the roof of a fortress, and La Wally leaps down the side of a dizzy mountain crag. Both women fall a distance of at least three feet. Salome is crushed under the shields of Herod's soldiers. Fasolt finds out that his skull is not as hard as the trunk of a tree wielded by his giant-brother Fafner, in "Rhinegold." Aegisthus and Clytemnestra, in "Elektra," suffer the pleasant fate of passing away under the blows of Orestes' hatchet. As the instrument probably had grown rusty from lying in the ground since the death of Agamemnon, poor Aegisthus and Clytemnestra were exposed also to the additional danger of contracting tetanus.

DROWNING.—A watery end came to Hagen by accident, in "Götterdämmerung," as he plunged into the Rhine to secure the magic ring. Those who sought deliberately for a surcease of sorrow by diving into stage seas and rivers, were Ophelia, Senta ("Flying Dutchman"), Fenella ("Masaniello"),

Lisa ("Pique Dame") and Iris, the Japanese young person who could think of no more æsthetic means of putting an end to herself than by sliding into a sewer!

BROKEN HEART, and Other Mysterious Ailments not Recognized Officially by the Medical Profession.—Thais, Manon, Sapho, Melisande, Isolde, Orfeo, Tannhäuser, Lucia, Marguerite ("Faust"), Elizabeth ("Tannhäuser"), Assad ("Queen of Sheba"), Anna ("Le Villi"), Azucena ("Il Trovatore"), Leonore ("La Favorita").

DANCING.—Tragic terpsichorean finales were accomplished by Elektra, Jean in "The Juggler of Notre Dame," and Roberto in "Le Villi."

With the foregoing statistical figures, we have the criminality of opera composers reduced to a pitifully detailed picture. The Italians, with forty-two famous operatic deaths to their credit, lead the nations in musical murder. Germany follows with thirty-seven, while France, surprisingly enough, has only thirty-two. Russia, the home of brutality, shows with the minimum of three, but it must be remembered that many a dark crime lies buried in the pages of those Russian operas by Rimsky-Korsakoff, Borodine, Moussorgsky, Glazounow, Arensky, etc., which are rarely heard beyond the borders of the Little Father's land. Stabbing is decidedly the most prevalent form of homicide, although here again the French composers display greater abstinence than their colleagues of other countries. In view of the facts just revealed, is it not possible at the next Peace Conference in The Hague, to organize an international endeavor for the disarmament of composers? Chords and coloratura that kill make for the musical decivilization of the human race and should be anathematized officially like dum-dum bullets and the direful dissonances of Richard Strauss. LEONARD LIEBLING.



Marceau

HELEN MACBETH
Recently seen with Mary Mannering

Honoré de Balzac and the "Père Goriot" Supper

ON the 6th of April, 1835, "Père Goriot," comedy vaudeville in three acts, was played for the first time at the Paris Variétés, and on the same evening the Théâtre du Vaudeville, then situated in the rue de Chartres, gave the first representation of a two-act piece also called "Père Goriot."

Both works were extracts from Honoré de Balzac's romance, but the managers of both theatres, counting on the intelligence of the public, had judged it unnecessary to affix the celebrated novelist's name to the bill. 1835 was the year of Balzac's greatest vogue, and though the possession of the dramatic faculty had formerly been denied him, he could not then produce a novel without seeing it immediately transferred to the boards, nor was his authorization ever requested. At that time managers dispensed with such formalities.

In the form of a novel "Père Goriot" at once made a tremendous sensation, and no doubt the managers of the Variétés and the Vaudeville confidently expected an equal success in the theatre. They were disappointed. Although Jaime père, Comberousse and Théaulon, three collaborators of well established reputation, wrote the play for the Variétés, they achieved only a half success. The *pension bourgeoise* of Mother Vauquer, which contained nothing curious or novel, made a bad setting for the play. Yet the actors found one intensely dramatic scene; that where père Goriot, ruined, despoiled by his daughters, hears his son-in-law declare that he has just received ministerial authorization to place him in Bicêtre. All the possibilities of this situation, where the old man recovers his energy at this horrible revelation, were exhausted by Vernet in the rôle of the French Lear.

The other "Père Goriot," that of the Vaudeville, had but two acts, and its success was even more negative than its rival's on the boulevard Montmartre. The plot had been much changed, not to say mutilated and disfigured. Rastignac, the juvenile of the novel, had become Jules de Savigny: the energetic and picturesque Vautrin had degenerated into a vulgar commercial traveler named Martel. The spectators protested loudly during the progress of the second act, and the curtain fell on a chorus of hisses and cries of "enough! enough!"

Balzac, in the meantime, had prepared his revenge. It was a revenge characteristic of the man who possessed aristocratic reserve and, at the same time, spirit, wit and taste. Just before the actors finished their work, his began.

Then two post-chaises stopped before the stage door of the Variétés and two before the Vaudeville, accompanied by numerous mounted torch-bearers, who brilliantly illuminated the street. The curtain had scarcely fallen when a letter was put into the hands of every actor of both theatres, conceived thus:

"SIR (OR MADAM):

"M. de Balzac begs the honor of your company at supper, after the close of the representation of 'Père Goriot,' at the Chateau de Madrid in the Bois de Boulogne.

"The carriages that transport the guests to the Chateau will wait to bring them back."

The actors immediately compared letters. None of them had the least idea of refusing the invitation of the illustrious and eccentric novelist, and they crowded into the carriages. From

the Variétés, besides Vernet, the comedian already mentioned, came Dumoulin, Mlles. Pougaud Jollivet and Atala Beauchère. From the Vaudeville went Lepeintre the elder, Fontenay, Emile Taigny, Brindeau, Mme. Thénard, one of the prettiest women of Paris, and Mme. Guillemain, the best "old woman" of that day. All had been invited except the five authors of the two pieces and the two directors. These had the chagrin of standing on the pavement and watching the brilliant cavalcade of horsemen, chaises and torch-bearers dash by.

Arriving at the Chateau de Madrid, then a fashionable restaurant, they were met by M. de Balzac. Most of the actors saw him for the first time, and they looked at him curiously. He was

short, smiling and benign, exactly as the engraver and lithographer had familiarized him to all Paris. Everybody recognized the white teeth, coquettish moustache, small white hands like a priest's, bull neck and black hair falling to his shoulders. He had put on, in honor of the occasion, a blue coat with metal buttons, which he rented from his tailor.

Like a commanding officer he was accompanied by three intimate friends. Balzac separated himself from this group and darted among the comedians, grasping each of them by the hand with expansive warmth, talking to everybody at once, and welcoming all with a fluent speech and a multiplicity of gesture.

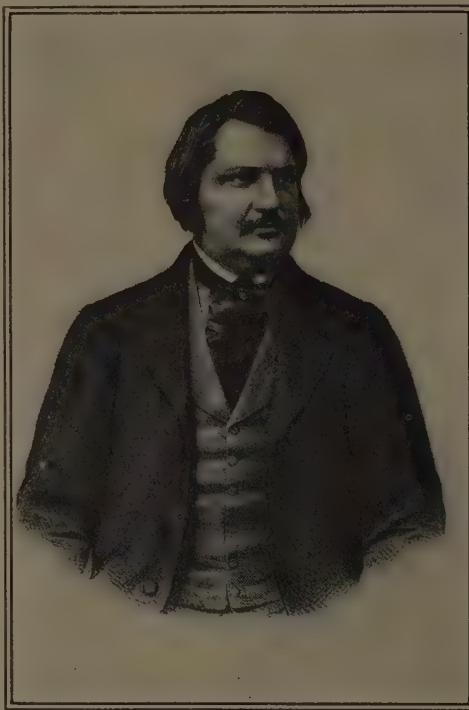
"Thanks," he cried, "a thousand thanks for accepting my invitation, and above all for not being astonished. I feel myself your debtor, and I am so, in fact, for you have made me suspect what I am capable of doing at the theatre when interpreted by artists like yourselves. You, my dear Vernet, the natural and supernatural in one person; you Taigny, combining levity and good taste; you Brindeau, alike excellent in tragedy and com-

edy. And you, ladies you! Beauty, wit, charm! All of you have comprehended my thought and lifted off the weight which forbade it to soar. What might you not have done if you had received it direct from me and could have rendered it without intermeddling? Patience, my dear friends! The day is not far distant when I shall flood the stage with an eloquent stream for which directors to-day substitute milk and water. I was born for the drama!"

Arranging the actors in a circle around him on the curbstone, as they were, in the damp night air, he commenced to develop his theories, to reveal his plans, to promise to this one and to that one, to them all, parts especially constructed for each. And thus orating, exulting, gesticulating, he seemed like another Hamlet in the midst of the players at Elsinore, or like another Diderot reciting "Le Paradoxe du Comédien." How long he might have talked on, keeping the weary actors standing in the cold and famishing for the promised supper, cannot be guessed—all night, perhaps, if Sandeau had not interrupted his eloquence and, placing a hand over his mouth, led him by force to the table.

There he began again, but now the audience could listen with better stomachs, for the repast was bountiful. Never once, it may be stated to show the true delicacy of the man, did Balzac allude to the uninvited authors and directors. One of the slighted number, however, took his revenge by drawing Balzac into a certain failure. He wrote, in collaboration with Balzac, a comedy in five acts called "*Pamela Giraud*," and then withdrew his name, leaving Balzac to bear its failure alone.

WILLIS STEELL.



HONORÉ DE BALZAC



A Dramatist Who Writes His Plays in a Tent

"BY his bumps you shall know him," said a friend describing Avery Hopwood, co-author of "Seven Days" and other plays with which the public is familiar, although little is known of the dramatist himself. "His brain seems to bulge into knots all over his head, which is covered by a thin mat of brickish-yellow hair. He is tall, rather raw-boned, somewhat awkward, bashful, witty, pale and usually bears the appearance of occupation, which successfully wards off intrusion." I told Hopwood of this verbal portrait and asked him what he thought of it. "I think it's about right," he replied, so it is here set down, although he quickly qualified his approval by adding: "It reminds me of a Cleveland woman's description of an actress. She said: 'I wouldn't call her exactly homely, but she isn't exactly an Adonis.'"

Cleveland is Hopwood's home, and in such gentle strokes of satire as this he recalls his boyhood there. It wasn't always a path strewn with roses. His father sold beef and pork, which afforded no particular emphasis to artistic endeavors. The boys in the neighborhood didn't think that Avery was a very good companion. He preferred reading to baseball, study to swimming, and meditation in the woods to "painting the town red" on Saturday night. This made him a "creature apart," or in the language of his youthful associates, "Avery was a bit cracked." One day he told his mother that he was to become a writer; he could feel it in his bones. She said she had felt a similar pain in her bones, so that settled it; a writer he would be. This was easy, because a pencil and paper, all the necessary tools for the practice of this vocation, were to be found in any household. Before school and after school, before breakfast and late at night, Avery sat at the old-fashioned walnut desk and scribbled over pages of white paper. This cherished piece of furniture formerly stood in the parlor—for it was in a day when people still had parlors—but after the boy read his first "piece" to his mother, she decided to move grandfather's desk to Avery's room. She was proud of her son, this mother, and she didn't care to have the story of Carlyle's and Balzac's home life repeated under the Hopwood roof.

Avery Hopwood graduated from high school and plunged into writing as a vacation joy. He wrote eight hours a day and read another eight hours. When autumn came, he took the time to enter college, and one of the professors soon declared that the youth wrote "Addisonian English"; but the Freshies smiled at "Hoppy," and all the fraternities declined to admit him to membership. They all admitted him to be a fine fellow, but said they couldn't tolerate such an intellectual strain and didn't care to have his melancholy figure prowling about the "frat" houses. "You don't know him yet; he's the brightest fellow in Cleveland," said Bob Gammel, urging the election of his friend; but the vote was lost. Hopwood soon went to Ann Arbor, joined the fraternities, soon became a favorite in his class at the university, and attracted

considerable attention by his facile pen. During vacation, he returned to Cleveland and worked two weeks on a newspaper. Then he suddenly resigned. "Wish you'd stay with us," said the editor. "Can't do it," replied the reporter, "I need the money, but newspaper work is fascinating, and I'm afraid if I don't quit now, I'll waste time here when I should be writing plays." This was the first time that the news had been announced to the world; Avery Hopwood had decided to become a playwright. Everyone around the office smiled, everyone except the editor. Now he affixes to all notices of Hopwood's plays a paragraph declaring

that "this author was a reporter for this paper." He says he "discovered" Avery Hopwood. All the youth's teachers in the public schools claim the same distinction. The old neighbors say they always knew "Avery would make his mark in the world." His university classmates swear to having been a party to the same prophecy.

While at Ann Arbor Hopwood became conscious of a drama in Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus"—with American trimmings. "Clothes" was the result, and after graduation he went to New York with the manuscript under his arm. Manager Brady read the work, and after a careful diagnosis, decided that Channing Pollock should be called in as "doctor"; so after administering to it a few Broadway pills, he launched the piece as a collaboration. It proved to be a tremendous success, and is still a stock favorite. "The Powers That Be" followed, but "The Lion and the Mouse," which it closely resembled, was produced first, playing havoc with the Hopwood production, although two companies are scheduled for it the coming season. "This Man and This Woman" was written for Miss



White

White
AVERY HOPWOOD, AUTHOR OF "SEVEN DAYS," "CLOTHES," ETC.

Carlotta Nillson, and produced by her in February, 1909. It was not counted a New York success, although it has been played successfully on the road. After the première at Maxine Elliott's theatre in New York, the late Clyde Fitch, who had just witnessed the play, said to me: "If I had written it, the critics would say it was my masterpiece." In November, 1909, came "Seven Days," written in collaboration with Mary Roberts Rinehart, and it is still running. Vienna and London will see it this autumn. For production in New York this fall, Hopwood has written a comedy for David Belasco, one for Marie Cahill, and another to be produced by Wagenhals and Kemper, producers of "Seven Days." Yet Hopwood is only twenty-eight years of age. He hasn't "wasted time as a reporter." In truth, he hasn't wasted any time. Friends try to persuade him from work, but seven days a week he begins to write at nine o'clock in the morning, and following the rule of Scott, does not permit himself to cease until five in the evening, not even "hesitating" for lunch. Yet he says that writing is but a detail in his workday. Plots, situations, and even dialogue are carefully in mind before he touches pencil to paper.



"I always carry a few sheets of paper and a pencil in an inside pocket," he says, "for it seems one's best thoughts always come in the drawing-room, at the dinner table, or on a train. I used to carry a fountain pen, but it spoiled a suit of clothes, so I've gone back to my first love the pencil." The playwright lives in a tent from May to November each year, and tries during that period to get enough fresh air to last him the twelve months of the year, for like a bear in winter he crawls into his room, locks the door as did Zola, and works harder than ever. That was a habit formed in boyhood, and he has never reformed. "It gives one a shut-in, locked-in, everybody-else-locked-out feeling," he declares, "and I can sleep and work better that way." But he adds in the next breath: "I sometimes wonder if other people like to be out and around as well as I do. I want to see everything, go everywhere, and know everybody. I want to pass

through good and bad experiences; yes, I like it all so well, I hope I'll live till my nose trails on the ground. Mentally, I'm a pessimist; but my digestion is good."

With an excess of youthful energy, he yearns to conquer other worlds than the playhouse. There's a burning desire within him, for instance, to write a novel. He is working on the manuscript now and says it will be in shop-windows within the year. Another ambition is to eclipse the London record of Somerset Maugham, who had five plays running simultaneously in the British metropolis. "Five plays in New York next winter or the season following; anyway, before I'm thirty," is his ambition. "Why shouldn't I do it?" he asks innocently, squinting his eyes. "I've got to write; I realized that at the age, comparatively speaking, when a duck takes to water, for the only thing I can do is to push a pencil."

ARCHIE BELL.

The Playwright of the Shakespeare Memorial Play

OF our younger American woman poets none rank quite so high in the literary world as Mrs. Josephine Preston Peabody Marks of Cambridge, Massachusetts. By many she is regarded as our foremost American writer of verse, irrespective of age or sex. Although all of her poems appear over the name of Josephine Preston Peabody she is in private life Mrs. Lionel Marks and her husband is one of the professors at Harvard University. Mrs. Marks is a native of New York State, but most of her life has been spent in Boston and in Cambridge. She was graduated from the Girl's Latin School in Boston and then took a series of special courses at Radcliffe after which she became an instructor at Wellesley College. She has written poems from earliest girlhood and she was but fourteen years old when her first poem was accepted by a New York editor. This gave her courage a little later to send a poem to the *Atlantic Monthly* and the editor of this magazine was so pleased with the poem that he sent its young author a note and asked her to call on him. He was greatly surprised when a slip of a girl came into his office. From that time to the present Mrs. Marks has been recognized as one of the sweetest of our American singers. She has not been a very prolific writer and all her work shows signs of great care. Some of it has not been surpassed by that of any other American poet. Mrs. Marks published her first book in 1897, giving to it the title "Old Greek Folk-Stories: Told Anew." The next year she brought out her first volume of poems, giving to it the title "The Wayfarers," and a year or two later she published a third volume entitled "Fortune and Men's Eyes." The leading American critics declared that this volume placed its young author in the front rank of American poets. Some of the poems in this volume are of such rare grace and beauty that they should be read by all young readers. They reveal the rare genius of their author in the most delightful way. They were published before Miss Peabody was twenty years old and are all the more remarkable because of the youth of their author. Lovers of the best in poetry were delighted when Miss Peabody brought forth her volume entitled "The Singing Leaves: A Book of Songs and Spells." Some of these poems have been translated into Japanese.

Miss Peabody was married to Prof. Marks in June of the year 1896 in the old chapel on the campus of Harvard University, and the marriage was one of the leading events in the literary world that season, a large number of the most prominent writers attending the wedding. The young couple went abroad for a year and

while they were in London they had the happiness of attending the British-Canadian festival concert at which Mrs. Marks' choric idyl, "Pan," set to music for voices and an orchestra, was given before the late King Edward.

Mrs. Marks' many American friends were delighted when, one day last March, there came across the water the news that she had been awarded the prize of fifteen hundred dollars offered for the best play with which to open the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. Three hundred and fifteen plays had been submitted to the committee, whose duty it was to make the award, and the final choice was made by the Duke of Argyll, a man of unusual literary talent, who gave the prize to the young American writer for her play called "The Piper," which deals with the "Pied Piper of Hamelin." Soon after this announcement was made Miss Alice Longfellow, daughter of the poet Longfellow, had the play read at her home in Cambridge for the benefit of a local charity. A little later Mrs. Marks and her two young daughters went to England, where the prize was presented to Mrs. Marks at the annual Shakespeare festival held at Stratford-on-Avon.

Mrs. Marks wrote two plays before writing "The Piper." Both were poetic plays dealing with Shakespeare's life in England. One was entitled "Fortune and Men's Eyes," and the other "Marlowe." The latter play was performed by Harvard and Radcliffe students in 1906, and was regarded as a most interesting piece of dramatic composition.

Mrs. Marks is a lady of rare personal charm and extreme refinement of manner. She has two beautiful girls, the youngest of them being but a few months old. The work already done by this gifted writer justifies the expectation that she will maintain her place in the front rank of American writers. Young people should become familiar with her poems because of the beauty of their literary style and purity of thought.

J. S. HARBOUR.



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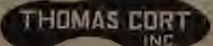
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(Continued from page 44)

no means identical in meaning with "a doll-house," in the sense of a toy house for dolls. But "A Doll's House" is near enough, and so are "Ein Puppenheim," and "Maison de Poupée."

When "Et Dukkehjem" was done into German, a number of German managers prepared to present it, but all of them, it seems, feared that the *dénouement* was too startling for the public of the time. Some of them employed artisans from the literary half-world to write "happy" endings; one, more worthy than his fellows, placed the matter before Ibsen. This one was the manager of the Thalia Theatre at Hamburg. He had his leading actress, Frau Hedwig Niemann-Raabe, write to the dramatist, who was then in Rome, suggesting that the curtain be brought down upon some sort of a reconciliation. Ibsen, naturally enough, was not greatly pleased by this proposal, but he soon concluded that a "happy" ending was really necessary—at least for the present—and so he wrote it. But he took good care to save as much of his revolutionary last scene as he could.

M. Lugne-Poé, the French actor-manager, recalled this forgotten ending in a lecture delivered in the Salle des Agriculteurs in Paris, April 21, 1904, but his rendering of it was not accurate. It was designed to be attached to the original text in the last scene of all. Nora is at the door, preparing to leave husband and children. In the original she goes out. In the Hamburg version:

TORVALD: We must so change that —

NORA: That living together can be a marriage. Good-bye. (*She turns to go.*)

TORVALD: Well then — go! (*Grabs her by the arm.*) But first you must take a last look at your children.

NORA: Let me go! I don't want to see them! I can't.

TORVALD: (*Draws her toward the door at the left.*) You must see them! (*Opens the door and says softly.*) Look; there they sleep, so quiet and carefree. To-morrow morning, when they awake and call for their mother, they'll be — motherless!

NORA: (*Quickly.*) Motherless?

TORVALD: As you were.

NORA: Motherless! (*An inward struggle. She lets her traveling bag fall and says.*) O, I am doing myself a wrong, but I can't leave them! (*Sinks down before the door.*)

TORVALD: (*Ecstatically, but softly.*) Nora!

Ibsen soon made efforts, and with success, to suppress this new ending. We find him writing from Munich, under date of February 18, 1880, to Heinrich Laube, director of the Stadttheatre at Vienna, a short but convincing plea for the original text.

John Paulsen, the Norwegian critic, throws an interesting light upon these troublous times.

"When 'A Doll's House' was published," he says, "I asked Ibsen why he had called the chief feminine personage Nora, for the name appeared to me to be a very commonplace one. He answered quietly, without hesitation: 'Why, you must know her name was really Lenora, but they all called her Nora, for she was the pet of the family.' From this reply we can see how intimately Ibsen entered into the life of his characters. He never doubted their reality.

"When the Danish critics busied themselves with debating whether Nora returned or not, I asked Ibsen for his own opinion. He did not seem to mind the question. 'What do I know?' said he, for he looked upon Nora as a real, living being, quite independent of him. He added: 'She may perhaps return to her husband and children and then again she may become a roving circus woman.'"

Ibsen thought that Ida Alberg was the best Nora he had ever seen. But he had not seen many—Agnes Sorma, Hedwig Niemann-Raabe and Betty Hennings, perhaps, and a few others. Since that time the rôle has tempted a multitude of other actresses—Eleanora Duse, Gabrielle Réjane, Alla Nazimova, Esther Rachel Kaminsky, Grace George, Lilly Petri, Helene Odilon, Fredrika Gossmann, Helena Modjeska, Hedwig Reicher, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Blanche Bates, Ethel Barrymore, Beatrice Cameron, Hilda Borgstrom, Stella Hohenfels, Irene Triesch, Frau Rosing-Sablairalles, Percy Haswell, Fru Bruno, Janet Achurch, Vera Komisarzhovskiy, Mme. Javorski, Johanna Buska, and a multitude of ambitious stock stars and leading women of lesser grade. It is dramatic and effective; it modulates into remote keys; it is comedy and it is tragedy. Few other rôles in the modern drama afford such a test and proof of virtuosity. H. L. MENCKEN.

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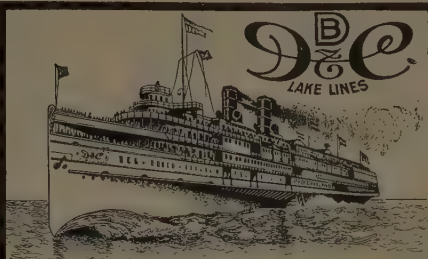
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Plays, Season 1909-1910

We give herewith a list of the new plays produced in
New York City from August, 1909, to June, 1910. The
biggest successes of the season, judging by the length of
their respective runs, have been: 1st, "The Fortune
Hunter," 301 times; 2d, "The Chocolate Soldier," 291
times; 3d, "The Midnight Sons," 267 times; 4th, "The
Dollar Princess," 250 times; 5th, "Seven Days," 233
times; 6th, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," 219
times; 7th, "Is Matrimony a Failure?" 201 times; 8th,
"The Lottery Man," 194 times; 9th, "The Lily," 165
times; 10th, "The Jolly Bachelors," 157 times. Other
runs, alphabetically arranged, were as follows:

Affinity, The	Comedy (24)	Jan. 8	
	West End (8)	Mar. 14	32
Alias Jimmy Valentine	Wallack's	Jan. 21	140
Alma, Wo Wohnt Du?	Gr'd Op. House	May 9	8
American Widow, An	Hudson	Aug. 6	32
Anthony and Cleopatra	New Theatre	Nov. 8	17
Arcadians, The	Liberty (187)	Jan. 17	
	Knickerbocker (8)	May 16	145
Arsene Lupin	Lyceum (125)	Aug. 26	
	Hudson (16)	Dec. 13	141
As You Like It	Acad. of Music	Mar. 21	8
Awakening of Helena			
Ritchie	Savoy (109)	Sept. 20	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Apr. 25	117
Bachelor, The	Maxine Elliott's (Resumed)		
	West End (8)	May 3	
	Metropolis (8)	Oct. 25	16
Bachelor's Baby, The	Criterion	Dec. 27	153
Barrier, The	New Amsterdam	Jan. 10	24
Battle, The	(Resumed)		
	Yorkville (8)	Sept. 20	
	West End (8)	Sept. 27	
	Metropolis (8)	Oct. 4	
	Acad. of M. (8)	Oct. 11	32
Beaucaire	West End	Apr. 4	8
Beauty Spot, The	Herald Sq. (57)	(Resumed)	
	West End (9)	Feb. 21	66
Beethoven	New Theatre	Apr. 11	26
Belle of Brittany, The	Daly's (64)	Nov. 8	
	West End (7)	Jan. 17	71
Billy	Daly's (66)	Aug. 2	
	West End (8)	Oct. 4	
	Lincoln Sq. (8)	Oct. 11	
	Metropolis (8)	Oct. 18	90
Blue Mouse, The	Lyric (8)	(Resumed)	
	M. Elliott's (57)	May 3	
	West End (9)	Sept. 6	
	M. Elliott's (16)	Sept. 20	90
Boy and the Girl, The	Aerial Garden	May 31	18
Brand	New Theatre	Mar. 14	8
Bridge, The	Majestic	Sept. 4	35
Bright Eyes	New York (40)	Feb. 28	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	May 2	48
Broken Idol, The	Herald Square	Aug. 16	41
Builder of Bridges, The	Hudson	Oct. 26	48
Call of the Cricket, The	Belmo	Apr. 19	17
Cameo Kirby	Hackett (24)	Dec. 20	
	West End (8)	Jan. 10	32
Camille	Acad. of Music	Apr. 25	2
Candy Shop, The	Knickerbocker (49)	Apr. 27	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Jan. 24	57
Carmen	Acad. of Music	Apr. 25	4
Caste	Empire	Apr. 25	32
Children of Destiny	Savoy	Feb. 21	17
Chocolate Soldier, The	Lyric (48)	Sept. 13	
	Herald Sq. (33)	Oct. 25	
	Lyric (38)	Nov. 22	
	Casino (177)	Dec. 20	291
Chorus Lady, The	Acad. of Music	May 16	8
	(Resumed)		
Citizen's Home, A	Majestic	Oct. 4	16
City, The	Lyric (161)	Dec. 21	
	Hackett (16)	May 9	177
Climax, The	Daly's (89)	(Resumed)	
	Weber's (135)	July 12	
	Weber's (24)	Aug. 16	301
Cohan & Harris' Minstrels	New York	Aug. 16	16
Commanding Officer, The	Savoy	Dec. 27	24
Cottage in the Air, The	New Theatre	Nov. 11	9
Dawn of a To-morrow, The	Lyceum (50)	(Resumed)	
	West End (8)	Oct. 11	58
Debtors, The	Bijou	Oct. 12	7
Detective Sparks	Garrick (61)	Aug. 23	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Oct. 25	69
Divorce	Lyric	Nov. 29	10
Doctor Faustus	Garden	Mar. 14	3
Dollar Mark, The	Wallack's	Aug. 23	49
Dollar Princess, The	Knickerbocker	Aug. 6	250
Don	New Theatre	Dec. 30	15
Easiest Way, The	Stuyvesant (49)	(Resumed)	
	Stuyvesant (122)	Sept. 4	
	Acad. of M. (16)	Dec. 27	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Apr. 16	195
Everyman	Garden	Feb. 21	7
Evans' Minstrels, George	Gr'd Op. House	Mar. 28	8
Fair Co-Ed, The	Criterion (40)	(Resumed)	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Dec. 27	48
Faith Healer, The	Savoy	Jan. 19	13
Father and the Boys	Garrick (resum'd)	Apr. 11	22
Fighting Hope, The	West End	Apr. 18	8
	(Resumed)		
Pires of Fate, The	Liberty	Dec. 28	23
Flag Lieutenant, The	Criterion	Aug. 30	24
Florist Shop, The	Liberty	Aug. 16	37
Follies of the Day, The	Lincoln Square	May 10	46
Follies of 1909, The	J. de Paris (89)	June 14	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Dec. 6	
	City Theatre (8)	Apr. 25	105
Fool There Was, A	Liberty (57)	(Resumed)	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Oct. 11	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Jan. 10	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Apr. 4	
	City Theatre (16)	May 12	97
Fortune Hunter, The	Gaiety	Sept. 4	301
	(Still running)		
Fourth Estate, The	Wallack's	Oct. 4	98
Game of Love, The	Wallack's	May 24	16
Gay Hussars, The	Knickerbocker	July 29	39
Gentleman from Missis-			
issippi, The	Bijou (72)	(Resumed)	
	Aerial Gar. (36)	June 20	
	Bijou (49)	Aug. 9	157
Girl and the Wizard, The	Casino (87)	Sept. 27	
	West End (8)	Dec. 27	95
Girl from Rector's, The	Weber's (89)	(Resumed)	
	Gr'd Op. H. (9)	Aug. 21	98



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Girl He Couldn't Leave Behind him, The	Garrick	Mar.	9	33
Girl with the Whooping Cough, The	New York	Apr.	25	16
Girls	Lincoln Sq.	Sept.	10	10
(Resumed)				
Goddess of Liberty, The	Weber's	Dec.	22	29
Going Some	Belasco (41)	(Resumed)	21	
	Max Elliott's (8)	Nov.	22	58
	West End (9)	May	3	49
Great John Ganton, The	Lyric	Apr.	11	10
Green Cockatoo, The	Lyceum	Apr.	11	10
Hamlet	Acad. of M. (4)	Apr.	26	
	Acad. of M. (4)	June	7	
	Acad. of M. (4)	Feb.	28	12
Hannele	Lyceum	Apr.	11	10
Harvest Moon, The	Garrick (90)	Oct.	18	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Jan.	17	98
Havana	Casino (90)	(Resumed)		
	Casino (59)	Aug.	9	
	West End (9)	Nov.	1	158
Heights, The	Savoy	Jan.	31	8
Her Husband's Wife	Garrick	May	9	16
	(Still running)			
Herod	Lyric (80)	Oct.	26	
	West End (8)	Nov.	27	38
His Name on the Door	Bijou (17)	Nov.	23	
	Garden (32)	Dec.	6	49
House Next Door, The	Gaiety (46)	(Resumed)		
	Gaiety (26)	Aug.	9	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Nov.	8	80
Idols	Bijou	Nov.	1	17
Inconstant George	Empire	Sept.	21	89
Inferior Sex, The	Daly's (65)	Jan.	24	
	West End (8)	Mar.	21	73
In Hayti	Circle	Aug.	30	57
Intruder, The	Bijou	Sept.	23	13
Is Matrimony a Failure?	Belasco (185)	Aug.	24	
	West End (8)	Feb.	7	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Apr.	18	201
Israel	Criterion	Oct.	25	74
Jack Straw	Empire	Sept.	6	14
Jim the Penman	Lyric	May	10	15
Jolly Bachelors, The	Broadway	Jan.	6	157
Julius Caesar	Garden	Mar.	21	8
Just a Wife	Belasco	Feb.	1	79
King Lear	Acad. of M. (8)	May	3	
	Acad. of M. (1)	May	24	4
King of Cadonia, The	Daly's (16)	Jan.	8	
	West End (8)	Jan.	24	24
Kitty Grey	Gr'd Op. House	Oct.	4	8
Know Thyself	Berkeley	Dec.	27	9
Lady from Lobster Square	Weber's	Apr.	4	24
Land of Heart's Desire	Gr'd Op. House	Feb.	21	9
Lily, The	Stuyvesant	Dec.	23	165
Lion and the Mouse, The	Acad. of Music	May	2	10
Little Brother of the Rich	Wallack's	Dec.	27	24
Little Eyolf	Nazimova	Apr.	18	40
Little Nemo	Gr'd Op. House	Mar.	21	8
Little Town of Bethlehem	Garden	Jan.	17	16
Liz, The Mother	New Theatre	Dec.	30	1
Lonely Lives	Hackett (1)	Apr.	10	
	Comedy (1)	Apr.	12	2
Lottery Man, The	Bijou	Dec.	6	194
Louis XI	Acad. of Music	May	3	2
Love Cure, The	New Amst. (70)	Sept.	1	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Jan.	8	78
Lucky Star, A	Hudson	Jan.	18	97
Lulu's Husbands	Max Elliott's	Apr.	14	44
Macbeth	Acad. of M. (1)	May	24	
	Garden (4)	May	28	5
Madame X	New Amsterdam	Feb.	8	127
Mlle. Mischief	West End	May	17	7
Maker of Men, A	Garrick	Mar.	21	21
Man from Home, The	Astor	(Resumed)		
	Astor	Aug.	16	99
Man from Mexico, The	Garrick	May	10	49
Man's World, A	Comedy	Feb.	8	73
Man Who Owns Broadway	New York	Oct.	11	180
Man Who Stood Still, The	Acad. of M. (8)	Oct.	18	
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Nov.	23	
Marble Heart, The	Acad. of Music	May	17	8
Mascot, The	New Amsterdam	(Resumed)		
Master Key, The	Bijou	Oct.	4	8
Melting Pot, The	Comedy (139)	Sept.	6	
	West End (8)	Feb.	23	147
Matinée Idol, A	Daly's	Apr.	23	28
(Still running)				
Merchant of Venice, The	Acad. of M. (4)	June	26	
	Acad. of M. (9)	Apr.	7	
	Acad. of M. (9)	Feb.	21	
	Garden (4)	Mar.	28	22
Merry Widow, The	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Feb.	14	
	Acad. of M. (16)	Mar.	7	24
Merry Widow and the Devil, The	Gr'd Op. House	Sept.	20	8
Mid-Channel	Empire	Jan.	21	94
Midnight Sons, The	Broadway (259)	May	22	
	West End (8)	Jan.	3	267
Miss Innocence	New York (8)	(Resumed)		
	New York (16)	Sept.	27	
	Gr'd Op. H. (9)	Nov.	1	
	City (8)	Apr.	18	41
Mollusc, The	Empire (14)	June	7	
	Empire (16)	Jan.	17	30
Molly May	Hackett	Apr.	8	27
Morals of Marcus, The	Lyceum	Aug.	7	8
Motor Girl, The	Lyric (97)	June	15	
	West End (8)	Sept.	13	
	Metropolis (8)	Sept.	20	
	Lincoln Sq. (8)	Sept.	27	121
Mr. and Mrs. Davenport	Hackett	Feb.	23	5
Mr. Buttles	Weber's	Jan.	20	12
Mr. Hamlet of Broadway	West End	Mar.	28	8
Mr. Hopkinson	Lincoln Square	Oct.	25	8
Mr. Lode of Koal	Majestic	Nov.	1	42
Mrs. Dakon	Hackett	Dec.	14	2
Mrs. Dot	Lyceum	Jan.	24	73
Narrow Path, The	Hackett	May	31	1
Noble Spaniard, The	Criterion	Sept.	20	40
Nigger, The	Hudson	Dec.	27	24
None So Blind	N Theatre	Dec.	4	24
Night of Kin, The	Hackett	Feb.	8	23
Old Dutch	Her. Sq. (87)	Sept.	23	
	West End (8)	Apr.	11	95
Old Town, The	Globe	Jan.	10	151
On the Eve	Hudson	Oct.	4	24
Only Law, The	Hackett (32)	Aug.	3	
	American (17)	Aug.	30	49
Othello	Acad. of Music	May	3	3
Outpost, The	Criterion	Oct.	11	16
Paid in Full	Astor (16)	Aug.	2	
	Acad. of M. (17)	Dec.	22	33

Passing of the Third Floor	Back, The	Max. Elliott's	Oct.	4	210
Penelope	Lyceum	Dec.	13	48	
Pillars of Society	Lyceum	Mar.	28	20	
Polly of the Circus	Gr'd Op. House	Aug.	30	8	
Prince of Bohemia, The	Hackett (19)	Jan.	13		
	West End (8)	Jan.	31	27	
Queen of the Moulin Rouge, The	Circle (14)	(Resumed)			
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	May	17		
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	June	1	80	
Ragged Robin	Acad. of Music	Jan.	24	16	
Red Moon, The	Majestic	May	3	32	
Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary, The	Acad. of Music	Jan.	10	16	
Return of Eve, The	West End (8)	Oct.	25		
	Acad. of M. (9)	Nov.	1	17	
Revellers, The	M. Elliott's (15)	Sept.	7		
	West End (9)	Sept.	20		
	Yorkville (8)	Sept.	27		
	Lincoln Sq. (8)	Oct.	4	40	
Richelieu	Acad. of M. (4)	May	10		
	West End (2)	May	10	6	
Ringmaster, The	M. Elliott's (32)	Aug.	9		
	Yorkville (9)	Sept.	6		
	Metropolis (8)	Sept.	13		
	West End (8)	Oct.	18		
	Acad. of M. (8)	Oct.	25	65	
	Garden	Mar.	7	1	
Rivals, The	Acad. of M. (4)	Apr.	26		
Romeo and Juliet	Acad. of M. (9)	May	31		
	Acad. of M. (9)	Feb.	7		
	Acad. of M. (2)	Mar.	28	24	
Rose of Algeria, The	Herald Sq. (41)	Sept.	20		
	West End (8)	Nov.	15	49	
St. Elmo	Acad. of M. (16)	Dec.	13		
	West End (8)	Feb.	14	24	
Sapho	Acad. of Music	Apr.	18	8	
School for Scandal, The	New Theatre	Dec.	16	29	
Second Mrs. Tanqueray, The	Acad. of Music	Apr.	25	1	
Septimus	Hackett	Nov.	22	32	
Servant in the House, The	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Feb.	28		
	City Theatre (8)	May	16	16	
Seven Days	Astor	Nov.	10	233	
	(Still running)				
Sham	Wallack's (32)	(Resumed)			
	Acad. of M. (8)	Dec.	6	40	
She Stoops to Conquer	Garden (9)	Feb.	21		
	Garden (2)	Mar.	14	11	
Silver Star, The	New Amst. (81)	Nov.	1		
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Feb.	7	89	
Sins of Society, The	New York	Aug.	31	32	
Sister Beatrice	New Theatre	Mar.	14	10	
Skylark, A	New York	Apr.	4	24	
Snowstorm, The	Hackett	Feb.	15	1	
Son of the People, A	Irving Pl. (1)	Oct.	4		
	New Theatre (7)	Feb.	28		
	Hackett (8)	Mar.	28	16	
Spendthrift, The	New Amsterdam	Apr.	11	49	
Spitfire, The	Lyceum	Apr.	26	31	
Springtime	Liberty (80)	Oct.	19		
	Gr'd Op. H. (9)			89	
Squaw Man, The	Lincoln Square	Sept.	13	8	
Strife	New Theatre	Nov.	17	17	
Such a Little Queen	Hackett	Aug.	31	97	
Talk of New York, The	Gr'd Op. House	Apr.	11	8	
Taming of the Shrew, The	Acad. of M. (4)	June	14		
	Acad. of M. (7)	Feb.	14		
	Acad. of M. (2)	Mar.	28	13	
Tell-Tale Heart, The	Daly's	Sept.	17	11	
Tempest, The	Garden	Apr.	4	8	
Thief, The	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	May	3		
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Sept.	27	16	
Third Degree, The	Hudson (74)	(Resumed)			
	Hudson (24)	Aug.	16		
	Gr'd Op. H. (17)	Mar.	7	115	
Three Daughters of M. Dupont, The	Comedy	Apr.	13	21	
Three Twins	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Sept.	13		
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Dec.	15		
	New York (8)	May	16	24	
Tillie's Nightmare	Herald Square	May	5	40	
	(Still running)				
Traveling Salesman, The	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Dec.	20		
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Jan.	31		
	Savoy (16)	Feb.	7		
	Acad. of M. (16)	Apr.	4	48	
Turning Point, The	Hackett	Feb.	28	32	
Twelfth Night	New Theatre (21)	Jan.	26		
	Acad. of M. (6)	Feb.	28	27	
Two Women and That Man	Majestic (16)	Oct.	18		
	Metropolis (9)	Nov.	1	25	
Watcher, The	Comedy (18)	Jan.	26		
	Hackett (4)	Feb.	7	16	
What Every Woman Knows	Empire (40)	(Resumed)			
	Empire (25)	Dec.	25	65	
Where There's a Will	Weber's	Feb.	7	65	
Whirlwind, The	Daly's	Mar.	23	39	
White Sister, The	Daly's (48)	Sept.	27		
	West End (8)	Nov.	8	56	
Widow's Might, The	Liberty (40)	Aug.	13		
	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Nov.	29	48	
Winter's Tale, The	New Theatre	Mar.	23	7	
Wishing Ring, The	Daly's	Jan.	20	1	
Witch, The	New Theatre	Feb.	14	10	
Witching Hour, The	Gr'd Op. H. (8)	Apr.	26		
	Metropolis (10)	Sept.	4		
	Yorkville (8)	Sept.	13		
	Lincoln Sq. (9)	Sept.	20		
	Acad. of M. (16)	Nov.	8		
	West End (8)	Dec.	13	59	
Wolf, The	West End	Dec.	20	8	
Woman's Way, A	Hackett	(Resumed)			
World and His Wife, The	Broadway (8)	May	3		
	Metropolis (8)	Oct.	11	16	
Writing on the Wall, The	Savoy (32)	Apr.	26		
	Acad. of M. (1)	Apr.	26	33	
Yankee Girl, The	Herald Square	Feb.	28		
Yankee Prince, The	Gr'd Op. House	Sept.	6	9	
Young Turk, The	New York	Jan.	31	33	
Your Humble Servant	Garrick	Jan.	3	73	

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Plays Current in New York

The following plays were running at the principal New York theatres at the time of going to press (July 15th): "Follies of 1910," at the Jardin de Paris; "Girles," at the New Amsterdam; "King Dodo," at the Plaza Music Hall; "Seven Days," at the Astor; "The Cheater," at the Lyric; "The Summer Widowers," at the Broadway.

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Some New Books

THE CLYDE FITCH I KNEW. By Archie Bell. Broadway Publishing Company, New York.

In this interesting little book of 121 pages, Mr. Bell has performed a labor of love and set down many details of the life, the character, the work and the conversations of Clyde Fitch. His intimacy with the dramatist makes the book an authentic and helpful record. The headings of the seven chapters are: An Apostle of Color, His Methods of Work, Three Unattained Ambitions, After the Play, Son of His Mother, A Man of the World, and the Works of Clyde Fitch. In a general way Clyde Fitch's artistic tastes, his luxury in living and his active relations with the stage are known, for he was a much talked about man, but here are many details of an intimate nature that will favorably modify unkind misapprehensions. The dramatist frankly enjoyed his success, but it is plain from this record that he earned by constant labor the recognition that he gained. The value of detail and the importance which Clyde Fitch attached to it is illustrated in a number of anecdotes. It appears that he considered "The Truth" the test of his abilities and his reputation. One of his peculiarities was an aversion to the typewriter machine and his habit of answering all letters personally and in his own handwriting. Of his few friends he was very fond, and kept in constant communication with them by means of picture postal cards of his home, "Quiet Corner," at Greenwich, Conn. A number of these picture postal cards are reproduced in the book. The dramatist was quick to recognize his own failures; he was never downcast by them. He was resourceful and indefatigable in work. Mr. Bell, following Clyde Fitch's own frankness about his plays, does not gloss over any of the failures, in the list of about sixty plays that he gives. The book naturally leaves a deep impression of regret at the brevity of a life so full of promise and ambitions and of unfulfilled work.

THE HOUSE OF THE HEART AND OTHER PLAYS FOR CHILDREN. By Constance D'Arcy Mackay. Henry Holt and Company, New York.

The movement for the cultivation of the dramatic instinct in children has assumed considerable proportions, and is being put to practical application. President Eliot, of Harvard, has urged the utilization of it in "every school in this country." Constance Mackay, with these ten plays, demonstrates the practicability of such dramatic exercises for children. The writing of the simple pieces is an art in itself, with well defined limitations. The plays must not be theatrical or require acting in anything that approaches the professional manner, and everything must be susceptible of the form of expression natural to children. The subject matter must lie close to their imagination, and represent pure and kindly impulses. The educational value in a moral sense is great. Nor is the field at all narrow in other educational directions. Each play can be acted in about fifteen minutes. Little scenery is required, and the costumes are simply prepared, with a pleasing use of color. "The House of the Heart" will indicate the character of the little plays. It is acted in a heart-shaped room. It is a morality play and the characters represent qualities. Wisdom is seated in the room and kindly welcomes the Child who enters. This is to be the Child's home and Wisdom instructs her. She is to admit no one to it but those whose companionship will lead her to happiness. Cheerfulness and Industry are her first visitors, and Cheerfulness fastens about her neck a chain holding Contentment's jewel. They leave her when Lady Gossip and Vanity visit her and gain her childish fancy. Grumble and Laziness come, and to them Dame Quarrelsome. Grumble steals the Child's jewel, and she, remembering that she can call upon Wisdom and Cheerfulness, does call for them, and they return and send away Envy and all these troublesome visitors. A play of this kind is certainly educational, and is play for children. The other plays are fairy stories. One teaches contentment. A little Peasant, having three wishes, is changed to a Prince, but finds himself so desolate without his mother, that with his third wish he is changed back again to his former state. Constance Mackay has literary qualities and, what is most essential to work of this kind, purity of thought and simplicity of expression.

Books Received

"THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CLOWN." By Isaac F. Marcossin. Illustrated. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.
"SIMON THE JESTER." By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Co.
"THE SILENT CALL." By Edwin Milton Royle. New York: Scribner's Sons.

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was founded in 1900 upon some radical ideas and as a distinct departure from the usual type of monthly publications.

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Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with play-crafts purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

R. L., Oak Park—Q.—Have you published a portrait of Julia Marlowe in the rôle of Juliet? A.—In July issue you will find the portrait you ask for.

John Magura, Bonne Terre, Mo.—Schools for dramatic training may be reached in almost any large city. You might consult the advertising columns of a local theatrical paper for such institutions near your home.

M. B. Schever—Q.—Can you tell me who appeared in the rôles of the three girls in the original production of "Girls" at Daly's Theatre? A.—Laura Nelson Hall appeared as Pamela Gordon, Ruth Maycliffe as Violet Lansdowne and Zella Sears as Lucille Purcelle. Q.—Did Florence Reed ever appear in this play? A.—Yes, later in the season she substituted Laura Nelson Hall in the rôle of Pamela.

"W. B. L."—Q.—Has the cast for David Belasco's production of "The Concert" as yet been formed? A.—Janet Beecher and Leo Ditrichstein have been engaged for the leading parts, and William Morris will be seen in an important rôle in the same play.

M. B. U., Kalamazoo—Q.—Name some of the play brokers to whom I might submit a play. A.—Selwyn & Co., 1451 Broadway, and Alice Kausser, 1402 Broadway, both of New York.

A Subscriber, Minneapolis—Q.—Where may I purchase photographs of David Warfield? Or, have you published portraits of him? A.—We do not know where photographs may be purchased. We have reproduced many portraits of David Warfield, the most recent in July, 1910, price 35 cents per copy. In September, 1907, price 50 cents; February and December, 1906, price 60 cents; January and April, 1905, 75 cents, and many others.

L. Roman, Brooklyn—Q.—Will you publish an interview with Elsie Janis? A.—An article on Miss Janis appeared in the August, 1905, issue of the THEATRE.

Q.—What is her full name? A.—Elsie Janis Bierbower. J. C. D.—Will you kindly let me know when Maude Adams will appear in San Francisco? A.—We do not know. On June 6 last Miss Adams appeared as Rosalind in "As You Like It" in the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, Cal.

J. R. Conover—Q.—Give me an account of Blanche Ring's career. A.—After some experience on the vaudeville stage, Blanche Ring made successful appearances in "The Defender" and "Tommy Rot." Her next rôle was in "The Jewel of Asia," with James T. Powers. This was followed by her being starred in "The Blonde in Black." She was next seen in "The Jersey Lily," "The Love Birds," "Vivian's Pappas," "Sergeant Brue," "It Happened in Nordland," "His Majesty," "His Honor the Mayor," "Miss Dolly Dollars," "About Town," "The Great Decide," "The Midnight Sons" and "The Yankee Girl."

Kimball, Canada—Q.—What relative, if any, is Beatrice Forbes-Robertson to J. Forbes-Robertson? A.—Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson is a niece of the distinguished English actor.

H. V. B., Pittsburg—Q.—Can you give me the names of the different plays in which Elsie Janis has appeared during her stage career? A.—It was with the Frawley Stock Company that Miss Robson made her stage debut, appearing in the rôle of Margery Knox in "Men and Women." The following season she was a member of a stock company in Milwaukee. She was next seen in "Arizona," then in "Unleavened Bread," "In a Balcony," "A Gentleman of France," "Audrey," "Merely Mary Ann," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Girl Who Has Everything," "Susan in Search of a Husband," "Nurse Majorie," "A Tenement Tragedy," "Salomy Jane" and "The Dawn of a To-morrow."

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At the age of ten young Fritz won the first prize at the Vienna Conservatory, and in his twelfth year astonished the professors at the Conservatoire in Paris by winning the *Prix de Rome*, an unprecedented occurrence. As a boy prodigy, he toured America with Rosenthal, returning to Germany to serve his time in the army. Although during these four years he abandoned violin practice entirely, on his reappearance in 1899 his bow was as true and his technique as flawless as ever.

Kreisler revisited the United States in 1900, giving his first recital in Boston, December 18th. Other American tours followed in 1902, 1904, 1905 and 1907. The artist's present tour has been literally a series of triumphs.

The four numbers Kreisler has played for the Victor are most interesting ones. His profoundly beautiful playing of the Bach Gavotte; the loveliness of tone which marks the rendition of Foster's melody and the Smetana Song of Home; and his brilliant technique in the Hungarian Dance of Brahms, exhibit well the marvelous versatility of the artist. Violin solos by Fritz Kreisler—Hungarian Dance in G minor, Brahms-Joachim; Gavotte in E major, Bach; Swanee River, Foster; Aus der Heimat, Smetana.



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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

The French Races and Their Bearing on Future Fashions

THE "Grande Semaine" in Paris has defined the fashionable silhouette for the next six months at least. As has been the case in recent years, it was at the Auteuil Steeplechase and at the Fête des Fleurs that the most stunning toilettes were worn. The Grand Prix was shorn of half its glory by the downpour of rain that has been its usual accompaniment for the last few seasons. So the dressmakers who choose that day to send out their models to display something more or less sensational in the way of gowns had little chance to impress their daring and original ideas upon the world at large.

One gets a better idea of the styles that are likely to please American women at the Steeplechase, because it is the race day that has received society's seal of approval. At Auteuil one sees the smartest English and Russian women, as well as the Frenchwomen, and many from America; fashions which are accepted by European women of social position are much more apt to suit the taste of American women in general.

The fashionable silhouette as exploited in the French capital is the narrow skirt, jacket which comes just below the hips, or the

shoulder scarf worn with the costume, and the big hat. It is seen everywhere that fashionable women gather. Some women frankly express the opinion that the narrow skirt is hideous, and it certainly is when not cut by an artist. But when cut on straight lines by a dressmaker or tailor of ability it is one that has many admirable features.

Two yards is an excellent width for the narrow skirt. It gives room for the longest possible stride, for unless one is a giant no woman makes a one-yard stride. The longest natural stride comes within twenty-seven inches. The great feature of the narrow skirt is that it will not blow up on a windy day, which certainly ought to be a great advantage in the land of skyscrapers, where even on mild summer days the sportive breeze is apt to lift the wide skirts in a way that is, to say the least, appalling to the modest woman. There is a vast difference between the occasional fascinating glimpses of dainty lingerie or silk petticoats worn beneath the short skirt and the almost complete revelation of them around a windy corner, as is so often the case when the short skirt is wide, particularly if it be of a light material.



Photo Felix

Elegant dinner gown of yellow and russet broché satin. The bodice is covered with a veiling of antique Venise lace, and the front of the skirt veiled with straw-colored mousseline de soie. A creation of Martial & Armand, Paris



Photo Felix

Afternoon costume of smoke-gray satin richly embroidered in cachemire-colored silks with a girdle of black velvet ribbon. A late creation of Paris suitable for wearing at the races

At the Grand Prix there were quantities of cravenetted silk and satin raincoats. These were made so that they could be easily slipped on and off, but alas! the leaden skies gave the wearers no desire to throw them aside in order to show the gowns worn beneath. The superb sunshine of Steeplechase Day brought into prominence the many big hats with high crowns. Some of these were entirely of white or



Photo Felix
Smart turban of black tagal straw with rich trimming of white feather band and wings. Made by Eliane, Paris

black lace ornamented with pink roses and black velvet. Then there were white straw hats covered with lace and trimmed with flowers.

Cornflowers and cornflower-blue gowns were much in evidence. So it is likely to be the blue shade which will be most fashionable in New York the coming autumn.



Photo Felix
Stunning hat of Italian straw with facing and bow of cornflower blue velvet. Made by Eliane, Paris

That is the season when one particular color gains a predominating influence in millinery, and it now seems likely that the fashionable milliners will take up cornflower blue as last year they did National blue.

While some women may cavil at the narrow skirts, each and every one is enthusiastic over the beautiful colors, but then France is the home of lovely colors, since the great Pasteur's discoveries aided the most skillful dyers in the world in producing the exquisite shades that we now revel in.

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Photo Felix

Original costume of white linen decorated with embroidery in English eyelet designs. The embroidered band at the bottom of the skirt is inset with Chinese embroidery on batiste, and edged with a band of black velvet. Made by Martial & Armand, Paris

Cachemire effects, what we so generally in America call Persian colorings, are seen in everything. Even hats are covered with these rich Oriental silks in broché designs. As these are exquisite blendings of various colors, the tones are by no means garish, as is so apt to be the case when designers and dyers are less skilled in their art. The woman who obtains the Oriental colorings that come to us by way of the Lyons and St. Etienne silk factories will rejoice in the distinction they give to her apparel, no matter how these may be imitated, and even caricatured by the less skilled dyers of other countries.

Cachemire colorings have even been introduced into cloth of gold with the most gratifying results. This is effectively used for the covering of hats, for the ornamentation of bodices and afternoon gowns, and is veiled with lace or mousseline de soie.

Patches of the broché and printed silks in Cachemire effects are being extensively used for the ornamentation of tailor-mades, the small bits being surrounded by a silk galloon. Not so many Shantung silk suits are worn as was the case last year, and those that are seen are mostly in the natural color ornamented with Cachemire motifs on both skirts and coats.

At the moment the smartest material for the tailor-made is a soft and not overlustrous satin. This is most favored in black and dark blue. The character of these suits is such that the idea will

doubtless be embodied in many of the new fall tailor-mades. For the distinct feature of these soft satin tailor-mades is the combination of materials. One finds always the bodice made of a transparent material of the same shade as the satin, and sometimes this sheer fabric also composes the upper part of the skirt. Voile, marquisette and mousseline de soie are the best-liked transparent materials. The lining for these is either a changeable satin or a Cachemire-colored silk. Only with the black satin one often sees a white satin foundation used. Then the coat is of the satin, coming generally just below the turn of the hips.

It is not difficult to imagine this idea translated into winter materials that will prove a joy to the wearer from their beauty as well as for their usefulness. For example, black panne broadcloth for the lower part of the skirt and the jacket, while the bodice and upper part of the skirt could be made either voile or Cachemire de soie, with the foundation of two-toned satin, say in changeable blue and green of rather vivid shades, since it would be softened by the black voile.

Again, the same idea could be used with excellent effect in brown hopsacking combined with crêpe meteore, or in brown velutina with marquisette. In the latter case the lining might be a soft shade of green and gold satin that would harmonize with the golden-brown velvet. The coats should be made sufficiently long to cover the



Photo Felix

Costume of changeable green satin having a richly embroidered tunic of black marquisette. The revival of the Empire waistline is worthy of notice. Made by Precoll, Paris

upper material of the skirt entirely, thus giving the effect on the street of an entire costume of cloth or velutina. Such a costume could be made to do duty for the entire gamut of day occasions, and I shall be very much surprised if this tailored suit idea is not much favored by our leading dressmakers and tailors in their fall models.

This style of tailor-made is well illustrated in a costume worn by Mlle. Calvat in "Tais-toi, Mon Coeur." The coat in this instance is of mauve moiré antique, made with a cutaway front and long draped revers and sailor collar. The bodice and upper part



Photo Felix

Dainty costume of pin-striped black and white silk with simple trimmings of silk cords and white point d'esprit. The bow and belt are of cherry red. Made by Dreccoli, Paris

of the skirt are of mauve charmeuse, which is quite a little full in to a knee-deep band of the moiré.

Another smart stage gown, which carries out this dominating idea of a combination of materials, is worn by Mlle. Suzanne Carlix. Her costume is made with a plaited skirt of dull light-blue tussor having a tunic that is slightly longer in front than in the back. The transparent material is confined to the bodice, and is a matching shade of voile trimmed with bands of the tussor. The round neck is finished with a flat plaiting of the voile, which descends on the left side of the bodice in the form of a jabot. With this is worn an indescribably jaunty little coat, quite loose, and made of toile de Jouy. The wide flopping revers and deep turnback cuffs of the short sleeves are of the blue tussor held with tussor buttons. The design of this toile de Jouy is made up of birds and branches of foliage. It sounds rather startling, but is really not only original but very effective. Certainly it is an idea that might happily be carried out for a costume intended for the Newport or Bar Harbor season, where a little eccentricity is by no means to be deplored.

The Cachemire note enters into many of the lingerie gowns.

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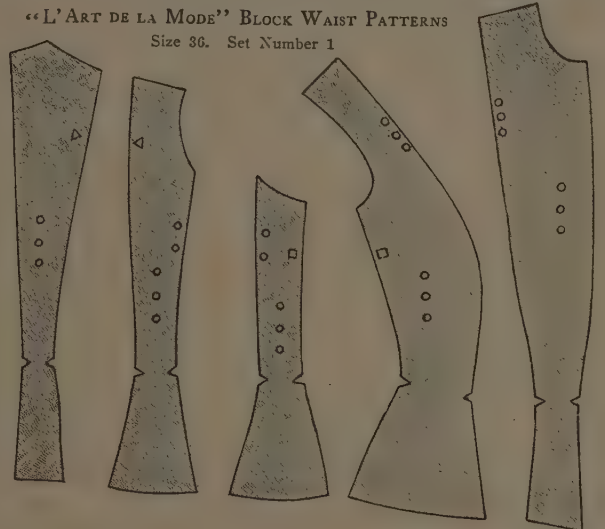


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Photo Felix

Visiting costume of blue and white ring spotted foulard silk, showing the extreme of the tied-in skirt, and dainty touches in neck and sleeve trimmings. Made by Margraïne Lacroix, the hat by Eliane, Paris



Photo Felix

Charming evening gown of mauve crêpe, the bodice ornamented with beaded net in the same tone, and having draperies and undersleeves of plain net. Made by Drecoll, Paris

For example, a costume worn by one of the younger actresses is a white lingerie gown with an embroidered border worked in Cachemire colors over a slip of pale rose color. The bodice is made entirely of the Cachemire border with a guimpe of Alencon lace. Then there is a Bernard model of white embroidered net made over a slip of Cachemire crêpe, while Zimmermann displays her customary art in the combination of net with Indian voile.

A great deal of white Chantilly and Alencon lace is being used for entire costumes as well as for the decoration thereof. When the gown is made of a skirt-length flouncing, it is mostly made over a satin slip that is first veiled with mousseline de soie. This veiling is used both to soften the satin, and for the exploitation of decorations. The reverse order is sometimes seen as in the case of a white satin slip veiled with black Chantilly with the outer dress of white mousseline. The black lace was embellished not alone with its own beautiful design, but also with added bands of pink and yellow mousseline. The color scheme was carried out in the girdle of a deeper shade of pink charmeuse having a facing of yellow mousseline. The hat worn with this costume was of white shirred Chantilly lace trimmed with pink and yellow roses, which looked as though they had just been picked in some nearby garden, and at the left side a perky little bow of black velvet.

As for parasols, while many women still cling to the plain silk parasols of rather brilliant tone, which contrast with their costumes, others carry those which tone in with the costume, while the newest note is the parasol of Cachemire-colored silk.

Wonderful scarfs are made of soft crêpes in Indian designs and colorings. The Parisienne is an adept at wearing these dainty confections; she realizes well their value as an aid to coquetry, and makes as clever use of it as she does of her parasol. All these dainty accessories of the toilette, when properly employed, certainly do add to the value of the toilette and of the picture the wearer makes. But it almost seems as if one must be to the manner born to carry them off to perfection. Perhaps the Frenchwoman is born not with the traditional gold spoon, but with a parasol and scarf, and to that may be laid her perfect manipulation of those articles.

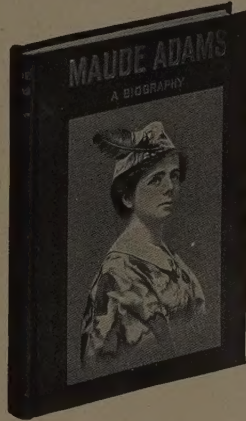
There are some very dainty, simple and withal most attractive hats being worn. The big white straw hat ornamented with big wings and a band of feathers is much affected by young girls. The feather trimmings are of quite brilliant hue, cerise, geranium, cornflower and Empire blue, but always in one color only. Then at the moment there is quite a fad for trimming large hats with big tulle bows. The moisture-proof malinette is admirable for this purpose, but it must be used in a contrasting color to the hat.

Many Englishwomen, and there are loads of Englishwomen in Paris this summer, wear the big black hat trimmed with white malinette, or the white hat trimmed with black malinette. This is considered half mourning, and goes admirably with the black gown relieved by white trimmings, or with the all white gown carrying just a touch of black.

English Court mourning is having quite an effect on the fashions,

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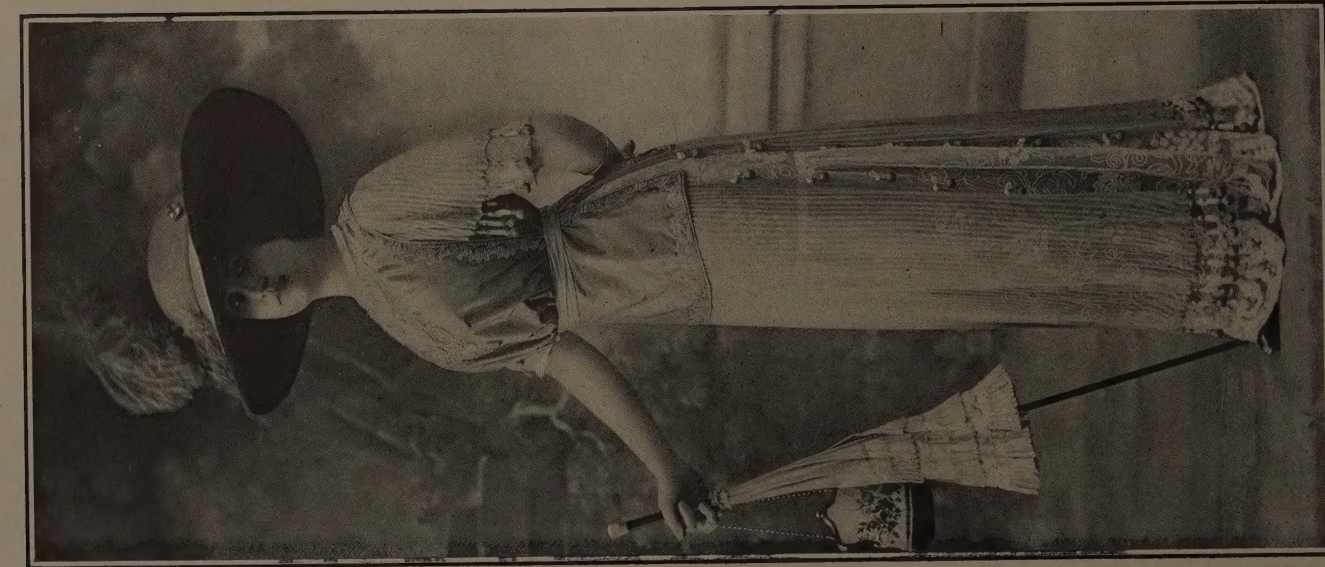


Photo Felix
Costume of white net embroidered in a grape design with an ac-
cordion-plaited tunic of plain net. The foundation is tilleu-green
taffeta with a sleeveless jacket of changeable taffeta in matching shades.
Made by Margraene Lacroix, Paris

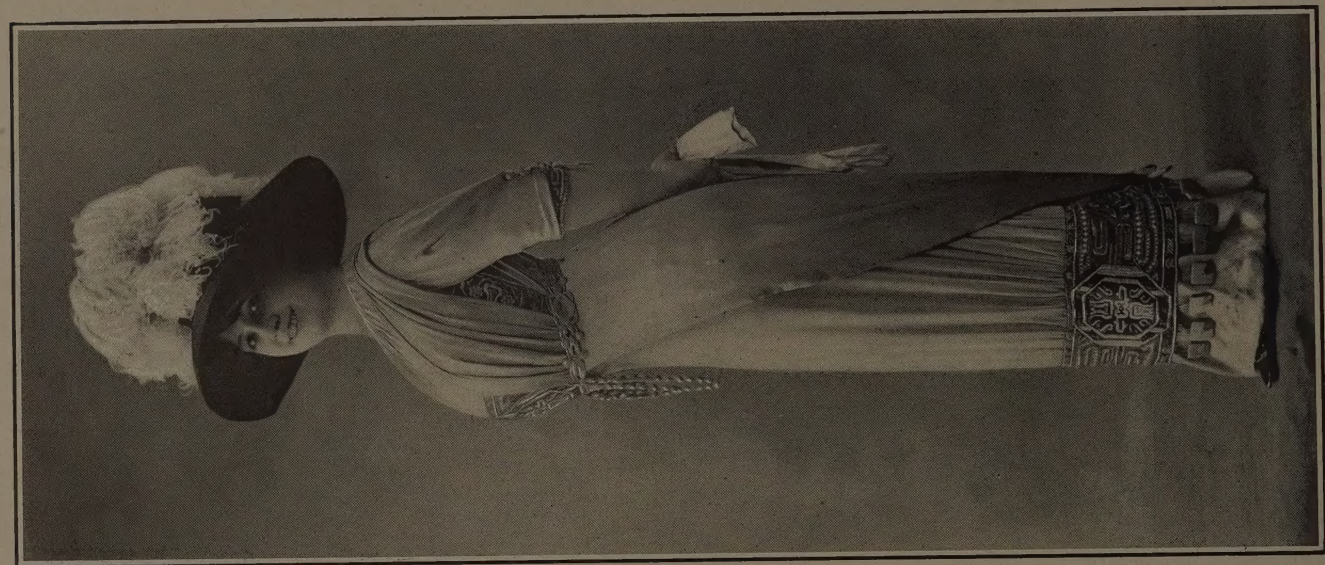


Photo Felix
Charming afternoon costume of cornflower-blue crêpe charmeuse
with band trimmings of Egyptian embroidery worked in several tones
of blue and enlivened with touches of red. Made by Margraene
Lacroix, Paris



Photo Felix
Exquisite restaurant dinner gown of white satin veiled in pale lav-
ender mousseline de soie, the bodice studded with a network of crystal
and sapphire beads. To be noted the shirring which attacks the tunic
to the underdress. Made by Martial & Armand, Paris

and the belief is expressed in many quarters that it will carry over into the autumn season. One sees any number of smart black satin tailored suits, and quite a few of black moiré.

For the autumn the cloths being shown by the best tailors are the rough English goods, such as homespuns, tweeds and basket weaves. For already there are tourists in Paris who are about to depart for home, and want to take with them their winter outfit. Some of the prettiest of the plain clothes are just touched with a silver hair. In black and dark blue this touch of silver is most effective, and looks very stunning when made up into plain tailored styles.

Then there are the shaggy zibelines, these in plain colors, that are being used for both suits and coats. For the present the smart motor coat is of a soft satin, one that drapes well. In the evening at Armenonville one sees scarcely any other wrap worn, but they are thrown aside so soon as the wearer descends from the machine.

The motor coats which are already being prepared for the autumn are generally big, clumsy affairs of a woolly cloth having a plaid back. This plaid is used for the trimmings in the way of collar, revers and pockets. They are undoubtedly useful and comfortable affairs, but far from chic. Much to be preferred are the coats of polo cloth, which is quite a woolly material made of pure camel's hair in the natural tan shade, which is said to have the natural quality of shedding water. Some of the models made of polo cloth are extremely smart, and as the fabric has so many admirable qualities such a coat ought also to be extremely useful. It is the material which has for several years been used by the English polo players, and has only this season been adopted for women's wear. It also comes in various colors, but the natural color has the preference with the best tailors.



Photo Manuel

A charming combination of mustard-colored tulle and pale blue ribbon is shown in this Paris model



Photo Manuel

Hat of plaited black Chantilly lace with cornflower blue ostrich plumes. Carlier, Paris

A boon to women who wish to economize in refurbishing up their partly worn petticoats, or who like to have something different from the styles shown in the shops, is to be found in the ready-made flounce. The new silk flounce is well made of dependable silks, and in sufficient variety to please the most exacting. There are plain and changeable taffetas, Dresden figured silks in both light and dark colors, stripes, and soft messaline flounces. The flounces are easily adjusted to the home-made top by means of a drawstring, so that it takes only a few moments' sewing to accomplish a new petticoat. This makes it possible for women of moderate means to follow the French style of petticoats.

Pearls are the stones which are the universal favorites at the moment. Hardly a woman who does not wear a short string of pearls about her throat, while the Englishwomen even wear two and even three long strands of them. This in the daytime scarcely seems in good taste. The imitation of pearls having been carried to such success one wonders at their continued popularity with rich women, but then perhaps it is just because of the perfect reproduction that so many women are able to wear them. And thereby hangs a tale, for one of the most successful manufacturers of pearls showed me a letter the other day from an English peeress, saying how much pleased she was with her wonderful string of black pearls, and adding that Lady So-and-so wished her to ask the price of a string thirty inches long.

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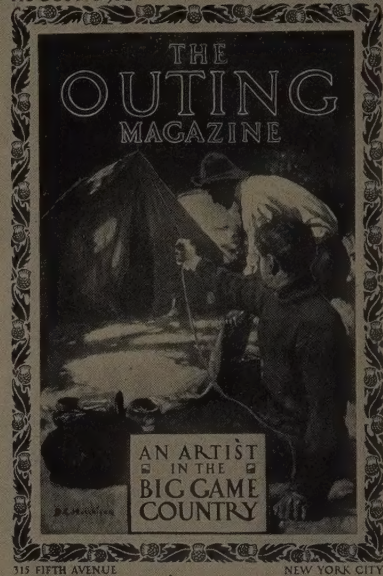
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Mascagni's New Opera

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